WEEK ENDING MARCH 28 1925

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Liberty

A W[illegible] for Everybody

In this Issue: HAIRCUT *By Ring Lardner*

Personalities of Paramount

James Cruze

The man who made "The Covered Wagon"

You would not need to know much more than that about any director to realize that he was one of the real kings of the motion picture art.

Many a director would have been satisfied to rest on such laurels for a long time.

But the world-resounding applause which still echoes wherever "The Covered Wagon" is being shown is somewhat unfair to Mr. Cruze's other work.

This remarkable man has made six hits all in a row: "The Covered Wagon," "Hollywood," "To the Ladies," "Ruggles of Red Gap," "The Fighting Coward," and "Merton of the Movies." Every one of them takes hold of audiences with a spell like Christmas-time over a child of six.

Any time a James Cruze Paramount Picture arrives and you don't break all other dates to see it, you are simply doing yourself an injury. Mr. Cruze has just finished "The Goose Hangs High," and is now at work on a big special production of the novelty comedy-drama, "Beggar on Horseback," which will be shown as a Paramount super-feature next fall.

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NEW YORK CITY

Paramount Pictures

Changing Conditions in the Film Industry

People used to refer to the movie game.

A game it was, fifteen years ago, and a gamble too, for producer, exhibitor and fan.

Everybody took a chance and often lost.

The motion picture industry of today is very different. Entertainment as a world-wide industry is in a class with Food, Housing, Transportation and other fundamentals of life.

As far as the best quality of Production is concerned, there exists a *standard*, and it is high because Paramount sets it.

As far as Distribution is concerned, Paramount Pictures are shown by the best theatres in almost every community in America.

As far as Demand is concerned, you tell that story yourself by your patronage.

Today, millions have excellent reason to know before thev go that—

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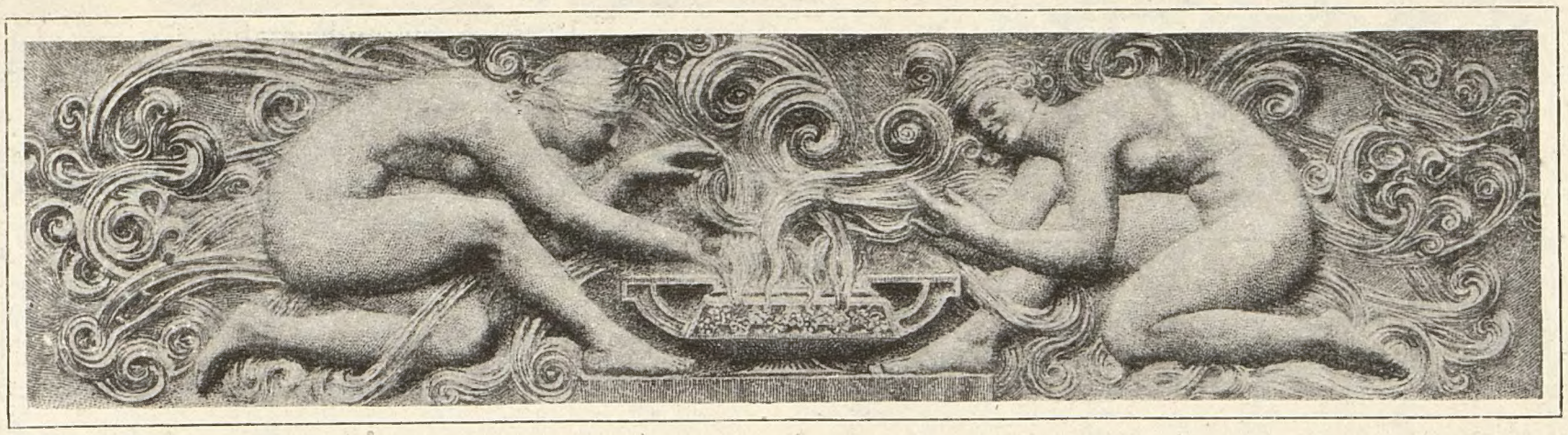

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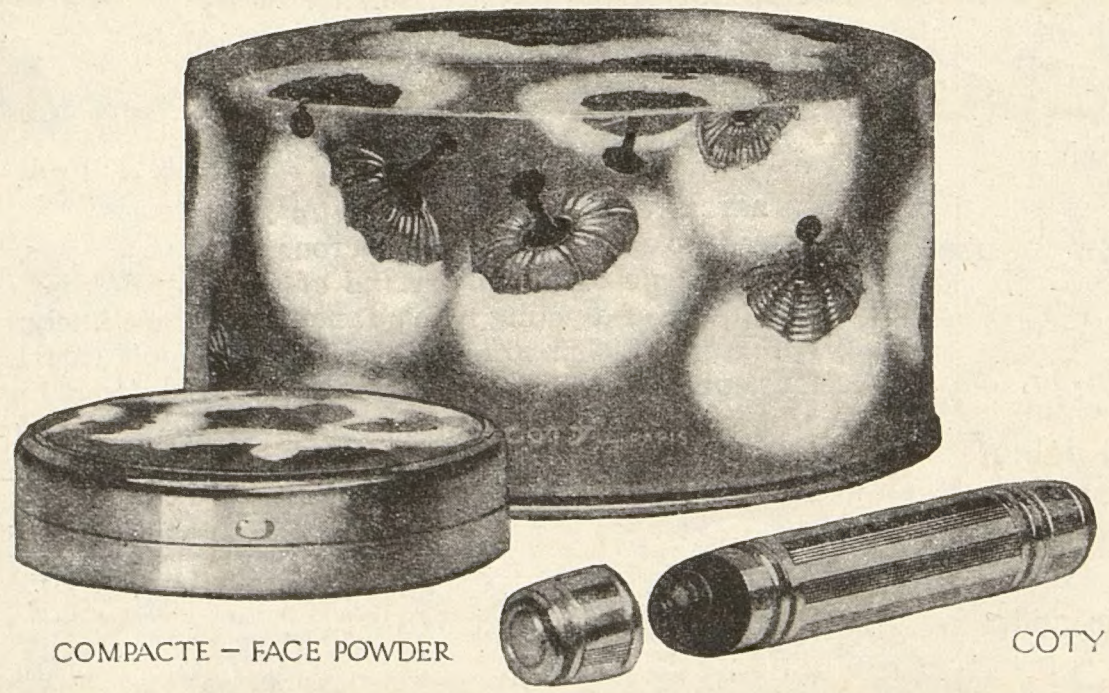

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MARCH 28, 1925

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

MAN AND THE SUNS

Our distance is by the mile or kilometer. It's so many miles to Dobbs Ferry or to Beck's Crossing and it's so many to New York, New Orleans, or San Francisco. It is 93,000,000 miles to the sun and the sun is a million miles in diameter.

When it is in the west as a red ball in the mists just above the horizon the human eye looks its greatest distance at a thing which at least seems to have form. There is a glowing disk and apparently it is a disk as sharply defined as a disk of red pottery, 93,000,000 miles away, a million miles in diameter. It may seem to be ten miles away and the size of a half dollar or twenty miles away and the size of a bushel basket. Different minds relate it and also the moon to different distances and sizes.

The sun and the moon are the two luminaries which the eye, unaided, sees as shapes. The others are candle flames, incandescent points, white or red sparks.

The constellation of Orion is well to the west in early night at this season. Sirius and this great Hunter sweep across the early spring skies, Sirius as a chill blue diamond forged in some alchemy of the great void; Orion as a striding configuration taking great leagues across the sky in boots.

In the left corner of Orion is Betelgeuse, a flickering candle light to the human eyes which measure by miles and kilometers. Betelgeuse has been measured by astronomers by methods we could not understand. It is 27,000,000 times greater in volume than the sun we see as a red disk on the western horizon and now is overhead at noon in a globe of molten white which would blind the eyes that looked at it.

There are these great suns in the sky by day, but our near-by small sun blots them out because it is near by. Even the full moon, the toy balloon of this earth, can fade the great suns by night and they become less even than fireflies flashing over the thickets.

These suns are in what the astronomers call our galaxy. That is our chimney corner in the universe, our own parish. Light travels 186,000 miles a second. In a minute it travels 11,160,000 miles. If our sun were obliterated this world would be dark in eight minutes. There are suns in our galaxy which could have been obliterated when Columbus sailed and a thousand years from now the light would still be coming from the points where they were. There are suns which might have died when men were carving pictures in caves and to us now their light would be still extant, the thing gone, the light still coming.

The distance light will travel in a year is called a light year. There are no comprehensible numerals to express it. It is a year of light at over 11,000,000 miles a minute. Our galaxy, our chimney seat, our parish, is 30,000 light years wide and 100,000 light years long. With 500,000,000 other such galaxies it may form a supergalaxy and there may be other of these communities in infinity.

Man is of the earth with a sun harnessed for his grain and fruits. His life is three score and ten and the near-by moon is his greatest light at night. He looks into a luminous galaxy which is only a canopy over his head. He sees a midge swimming in the sunlight and thinks it is ephemeral. He looks at the architecture of the heavens and retains his importance. He has put infinity in the calendar of his life and has made a light year the door mat on which he wipes his feet.

He can regard eighty as a ripe old life. He has reduced the universe to the size of his cabbage patch. A bolder midge there never was. He has made his own span and his own dimension. The hourglass and the yardstick are such as he can live by and be big in a universe suited to his living. Ajax defied the lightning but man defies the suns.

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Cover Design by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Fannie Hurst Asks a Question

WHICH would you rather be? Man or woman? It's a problem some of us ponder a good deal. The famous novelist, perceiving that she disagrees with most of her sex on the matter, will tell the readers of Liberty next week what she thinks, and why. Here's a brilliant discussion of the New Freedom as women enjoy it. See if it doesn't help you change your mind, maybe, about a thing or two.

EDWARD S. O'REILLY
Author of Like a White Man

Edward S. O'Reilly has a vivid short story in the coming issue about a girl who went to the Philippines, seeking the great adventure. How love crumbled for her and came to life again in the turbulent atmosphere of the early days of American occupation is told in a lively narrative called *Like a White Man.* Stumbling into romance via a ludicrous mistake is the theme of *Another Kind of Girl,* by *Phyllis Duganne*—as engaging a tale of a young man's fancy as you are likely to encounter. *Judge William N. Gemmill,* formerly of Chicago's Court of Domestic Relations, presents some frank views, gleaned from his experience, on *Matrimonial Pitfalls,* and there's a new chapter of *Trub's Diary.*

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HAIRCUT

By *Ring Lardner*

"Hey, Whitey, wait a minute! Before you cut into it, let's make up a pool and see who can guess closest to the number of seeds."

Wherein the Barber's Shears, Like the Shears of Fate, Snip Off a Tale of Strange Happenings and a Girl

Pictures by GEORGE WRIGHT

I GOT another barber that comes over from Carterville and helps me out Saturdays, but the rest of the time I can get along all right alone. You can see for yourself that this ain't no New York City and besides that, the most of the boys works all day and don't have no leisure to drop in here and get themselves prettied up.

You're a newcomer, ain't you? I thought I hadn't seen you round before. I hope you like it good enough to stay. As I say, we ain't no New York City or Chicago, but we have pretty good times. Not as good, though, since Jim Kendall got killed. When he was alive, him and Hod Meyers used to keep this town in an uproar. I bet they was more laughin' done here than any town its size in America.

Jim was comical, and Hod was pretty near a match for him. Since Jim's gone, Hod tries to hold his end up just the same as ever, but it's tough goin' when you ain't got nobody to kind of work with.

They used to be plenty fun in here Saturdays. This place is jam-packed Saturdays, from four o'clock on. Jim and Hod would show up right after their supper, round six o'clock. Jim would set himself down in that big chair, nearest the blue spittoon. Whoever had been settin' in that chair, why they'd get up when Jim come in and give it to him.

You'd of thought it was a reserved seat like they have sometimes in a theayter. Hod would generally always stand or walk up and down, or some Saturdays, of course, he'd be settin' in this chair part of the time, gettin' a haircut.

Well, Jim would set there a w'ile without openin' his mouth only to spit, and then finally he'd say to me, "Whitey,"—my right name, that is, my right first name, is Dick, but everybody round here calls me Whitey—Jim would say, "Whitey, your nose looks like a rosebud tonight. You must of been drinkin' some of your aw de cologne."

So I'd say, "No, Jim, but you look like you'd been drinkin' somethin' of that kind or somethin' worse."

Jim would have to laugh at that, but then he'd speak up and say, "No, I ain't had nothin' to drink, but that ain't sayin' I wouldn't like somethin'. I wouldn't even mind if it was wood alcohol."

Then Hod Meyers would say, "Neither would your wife." That would set everybody to laughin' because Jim and his wife wasn't on very good terms. She'd of divorced him only they wasn't no chance to get alimony and she didn't have no way to take care of herself and the kids. She couldn't never understand Jim. He *was* kind of rough, but a good fella at heart.

Him and Hod had all kinds of sport with Milt Sheppard. I don't suppose you've seen Milt. Well, he's got an Adam's apple that looks more like a mushmelon. So I'd be shavin' Milt and when I'd start to shave down here on his neck, Hod would holler, "Hey, Whitey, wait a minute! Before you cut into it, let's make up a pool and see who can guess closest to the number of seeds."

And Jim would say, "If Milt hadn't of been so hoggish, he'd of ordered a half a cantaloupe instead of a whole one and it might not of stuck in his throat."

All the boys would roar at this and Milt himself would force a smile, though the joke was on him. Jim certainly was a card!

There's his shavin' mug, settin' on the shelf, right next to Charley Vail's. "Charles M. Vail." That's the druggist. He comes in regular for his shave, three times a week. And Jim's is the cup next to Charley's. "James H. Kendall." Jim won't need no shavin' mug no more, but I'll leave it there just the same for old time's sake. Jim certainly was a character!

Years ago, Jim used to travel for a canned goods concern over in Carterville. They sold canned goods. Jim had the whole northern half of the State and was on the road five days out of every week. He'd drop in here Saturdays and tell his experiences for that week. It was rich.

I guess he paid more attention to playin' jokes than makin' sales. Finally the concern let him out and he come right home here and told everybody he'd been fired instead of sayin' he'd resigned like most fellas would of.

It was a Saturday and the shop was full and Jim got up out of that chair and says, "Gentlemen, I got an important announcement to make. I been fired from my job."

Well, they asked him if he was in earnest and he said he was and nobody could think of nothin' to say till Jim finally broke the ice himself. He says, "I been sellin' canned goods and now I'm canned goods myself."

You see, the concern he'd been workin' for was a factory that made canned goods. Over

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVEN]

Details Count!

THEY help or hurt more than most people think.

Whether or not you bring candy, for instance—or what sort of candy you *do* bring—are considerations that may make or break the whole evening.

Because they are made especially as *gift chocolates*, Romance Chocolates are suitable for occasions where the utmost tact and care are necessary.

Romance Selections come in 1, 2 and 5 lb. packages.

COX CONFECTIONERY COMPANY,
Boston, Mass.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIVE]

in Carterville. And now Jim said he was canned himself. He was certainly a card!

Jim had a great trick that he used to play w'ile he was travelin'. For instance, he'd be ridin' on a train and they'd come to some little town like, well, like, we'll say, like Benton. Jim would look out the train window and read the signs on the stores.

For instance, they'd be a sign, "Henry Smith, Dry Goods." Well, Jim would write down the name and the name of the town and when he got to wherever he was goin' he'd mail back a postal card to Henry Smith at Benton and not sign no name to it, but he'd write on the card, well, somethin' like "Ask your wife about that book agent that spent the afternoon last week," or "Ask your Missus who kept her from gettin' lonesome the last time you was in Carterville." And he'd sign the card, "A Friend."

Of course, he never knew what really come of none of these jokes, but he could picture what *probably* happened and that was enough.

JIM didn't work very steady after he lost his position with the Carterville people. What he did earn, doin' odd jobs round town, why he spent pretty near all of it on gin and his family might of starved if the stores hadn't of carried them along. Jim's wife tried her hand at dressmakin', but they ain't nobody goin' to get rich makin' dresses in this town.

As I say, she'd of divorced Jim, only she seen that she couldn't support herself and the kids and she was always hopin' that some day Jim would cut out his habits and give her more than two or three dollars a week.

They was a time when she would go to whoever he was workin' for and ask them to give her his wages, but after she done this once or twice, he beat her to it by borrowin' most of his pay in advance. He told it all round town, how he had outfoxed his Missus. He certainly was a caution!

But he wasn't satisfied with just outwittin' her. He was sore the way she had acted, tryin' to grab off his pay. And he made up his mind he'd get even. Well, he waited till Evans's Circus was advertised to come to town. Then he told his wife and two kiddies that he was goin' to take them to the circus. The day of the circus, he told them he would get the tickets and meet them outside the entrance to the tent.

Well, he didn't have no intentions of bein' there or buyin' tickets or nothin'. He got full of gin and laid round Wright's poolroom all day. His wife and the kids waited and waited and of course he didn't show up. His wife didn't have a dime with her, or nowhere else, I guess. So she finally had to tell the kids it was all off and they cried like they wasn't never goin' to stop.

Well, it seems, w'ile they was cryin', Doc Stair come along and he asked what was the matter, but Mrs. Kendall was stubborn and wouldn't tell him, but the kids told him and he insisted on takin' them and their mother in the show. Jim found this out afterwards and it was one reason why he had it in for Doc Stair.

Doc Stair come here about a year and a half ago. He's a mighty handsome young fella and his clothes always look like he has them made to order. He goes to Detroit two or three times a year and w'ile he's there he must have a tailor take his measure and then make him a suit to order. They cost pretty near twice as much, but they fit a whole lot better than if you just bought them in a store.

For a w'ile everybody was wonderin' why a young doctor like Doc Stair should come to a town like this where we already got old Doc Gamble and Doc Foote that's both been here for years and all the practice in town was always divided between the two of them.

He went right up to her house one evenin' and when she opened the door he forced his way in and grabbed her.

THEN they was a story got round that Doc Stair's gal had throwed him over, a gal up in the Northern Peninsula somewheres, and the reason he come here was to hide himself away and forget it. He said himself that he thought they wasn't nothin' like general practice in a place like ours to fit a man to be a good all round doctor. And that's why he'd came.

Anyways, it wasn't long before he was makin' enough to live on, though they tell me that he never dunned nobody for what they owed him, and the folks here certainly has got the owin' habit, even in my business. If I had all that was comin' to me for just shaves alone, I could go to Carterville and put up at the Mercer for a week and see a different picture every night. For instance, they's old George Purdy—but I guess I shouldn't ought to be gossipin'.

Well, last year, our coroner died, died of the flu. Ken Beatty, that was his name. He was the coroner. So they had to choose another man to be coroner in his place and they picked Doc Stair. He laughed at first and said he didn't want it, but they made him take it. It ain't no job that anybody would fight for and what a man makes out of it in a year would just about buy seeds for their garden. Doc's the kind, though, that can't say no to nothin' if you keep at him long enough.

But I was goin' to tell you about a poor boy we got here in town—Paul Dickson. He fell out of a tree when he was about ten years old. Lit on his head and it done somethin' to him and he ain't never been right. No harm in him, but just silly. Jim Kendall used to call him cuckoo; that's a name Jim had for anybody that was off their head, only he called people's head their bean. That was another of his gags, callin' head bean and callin' crazy people cuckoo. Only poor Paul ain't crazy, but just silly.

You can imagine that Jim used to have all kinds of fun with Paul. He'd send him to the White Front Garage for a left-handed monkey wrench. Of course they ain't no such a thing as a left-handed monkey wrench.

And once we had a kind of a fair here and

[CONTINUED ON PAGE NINE]

"Please do something about this!"

FOR quite a while he took the matter lightly, as men often do. But she kept at him about it. Her more fastidious feminine sense rebelled against it.

That *"white coat collar,"* showered with dandruff—a thing that so often mars the appearance of an otherwise well-groomed man. And her repeated urgings finally led him to ask his barber what to do.

"Have you ever tried Listerine?" the barber asked. No, he never had; and to think that there it was—right in his own bathroom at home—a product that he used every day after shaving and also as a mouth wash and gargle. That first exhilarating scalp massage with Listerine, the safe antiseptic, taught him something. He discovered a new use for an old friend.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVEN]

they was a baseball game between the fats and the leans and before the game started Jim called Paul over and sent him way down to Schrader's hardware store to get a key for the pitcher's box.

They wasn't nothin' in the way of gags that Jim couldn't think up, when he put his mind to it.

Poor Paul was always kind of suspicious of people, maybe on account of how Jim had kept foolin' him. Paul wouldn't have much to do with anybody only his own mother and Doc Stair and a girl here in town named Julie Gregg. That is, she ain't a girl no more, but pretty near thirty or over.

When Doc first come to town, Paul seemed to feel like here was a real friend and he hung round Doc's office most of the w'ile; the only time he wasn't there was when he'd go home to eat or sleep or when he seen Julie Gregg doin' her shoppin'.

When he looked out Doc's window and seen her, he'd run downstairs and join her and tag along with her to the different stores. The poor boy was crazy about Julie and she always treated him mighty nice and made him feel like he was welcome, though of course it wasn't nothin' but pity on her side.

Doc done all he could to improve Paul's mind and he told me once that he really thought the boy was gettin' better, that they was times when he was as bright and sensible as anybody else.

But I was goin' to tell you about Julie Gregg. Old Man Gregg was in the lumber business, but got to drinkin' and lose the most of his money and when he died, he didn't leave nothin' but the house and just enough insurance for the girl to skimp along on.

Her mother was a kind of a half invalid and didn't hardly ever leave the house. Julie wanted to sell the place and move somewheres else after the old man died, but the mother said she was born here and would die here. It was tough on Julie as the young people round this town—well, she's too good for them.

She's been away to school and Chicago and New York and different places and they ain't no subject she can't talk on, where you take the rest of the young folks here and you mention anything to them outside of Gloria Swanson or Tommy Meighan and they think you're delirious. Did you see Gloria in Wages of Virtue? You missed somethin'!

WELL, Doc Stair hadn't been here more than a week when he come in one day to get shaved and I recognized who he was as he had been pointed out to me, so I told him about my old lady. She's been ailin' for a couple years and either Doc Gamble or Doc Foote, neither one, seemed to be helpin' her. So he said he would come out and see her, but if she was able to get out herself, it would be better to bring her to his office where he could make a completer examination.

So I took her to his office and w'ile I was waitin' for her in the reception room, in come Julie Gregg. When somebody comes in Doc Stair's office, they's a bell that rings in his inside office so as he can tell they's somebody to see him.

So he left my old lady inside and come out to the front office and that's the first time him and Julie met and I guess it was what they call love at first sight. But it wasn't fifty-fifty. This young fella was the slickest lookin' fella she'd ever seen in this town and she went wild over him. To him she was just a young lady that wanted to see the doctor.

She'd came on about the same business I had. Her mother had been doctorin' for years with Doc Gamble and Doc Foote and without no results. So she'd heard they was a new doc in town and decided to give him a try. He promised to call and see her mother that same day.

I said a minute ago that it was love at first sight on her part. I'm not only judgin' by how she acted afterwards but how she looked at him that first day in his office. I ain't no mind reader, but it was wrote all over her face that she was gone.

Now Jim Kendall, besides bein' a jokesmith and a pretty good drinker, well, Jim was quite a lady-killer. I guess he run pretty wild durin'

[CONTINUED ON PAGE ELEVEN]

Paul and old John was down on the shore of the lake. Paul had rowed the boat to shore, but they'd left the body in it, waitin' for Doc to come.

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Don't handicap your idea —coronatype it!

When you sit down to do your synopsis, coronatype it. When you do *any* writing, whether in this contest or for the screen direct or for a magazine, Corona will help you think. And Corona will get your work read. Editors everywhere insist on typewritten manuscripts.

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CORONA *always helps*

Motion Picture Producers say:

"The clean typed script stands a four to one shot against the handwritten one."—Associated First National Pictures, Inc.

. . .

"It is quite important that manuscripts be typewritten."—Fox Films Corporation.

. . .

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINE]

the time he was on the road for them Carterville people, and besides that, he'd had a couple little affairs of the heart right here in town. As I say, his wife could of divorced him, only she couldn't.

But Jim was like the majority of men, and women, too, I guess. He wanted what he couldn't get. He wanted Julie Gregg and worked his head off tryin' to land her. Only he'd of said bean instead of head.

Well, Jim's habits and his jokes didn't appeal to Julie and of course he was a married man, so he didn't have no more chance than, well, than a rabbit. That's an expression of Jim's himself. When somebody didn't have no chance to get elected or somethin', Jim would always say they didn't have no more chance than a rabbit.

HE didn't make no bones about how he felt. Right in here, more than once, in front of the whole crowd, he said he was stuck on Julie and anybody that could get her for him was welcome to his house and his wife and kids included. But she wouldn't have nothin' to do with him; wouldn't even speak to him on the street. He finally seen he wasn't gettin' nowheres with his usual line so he decided to try the rough stuff. He went right up to her house one evenin' and when she opened the door he forced his way in and grabbed her. But she broke loose and before he could stop her, she run in the next room and locked the door and phoned to Joe Barnes. Joe's the marshal. Jim could hear who she was phonin' to and he beat it before Joe got there.

Joe was an old friend of Julie's pa. Joe went to Jim the next day and told him what would happen if he ever done it again.

I don't know how the news of this little affair leaked out. Chances is that Joe Barnes told his wife and she told somebody else's wife and they told their husband. Anyways, it did leak out and Hod Meyers had the nerve to kid Jim about it, right here in this shop. Jim didn't deny nothin' and kind of laughed it off and said for us all to wait; that lots of people had tried to make a monkey out of him, but he always got even.

Meanw'ile everybody in town was wise to Julie's bein' wild mad over the Doc. I don't suppose she had any idear how her face changed when him and her was together; of course she couldn't of, or she'd of kept away from him. And she didn't know that we was all noticin' how many times she made excuses to go up to his office or pass it on the other side of the street and look up in his window to see if he was there. I felt sorry for her and so did most other people.

Hod Meyers kept rubbin' it into Jim about how the Doc had cut him out. Jim didn't pay no attention to the kiddin' and you could see he was plannin' one of his jokes.

One trick Jim had was the knack of changin' his voice. He could make you think he was a girl talkin' and he could mimic any man's voice. To show you how good he was along this line, I'll tell you the joke he played on me once.

You know, in most towns of any size, when a man is dead and needs a shave, why the barber that shaves him soaks him five dollars for the job; that is, he don't soak *him*, but whoever ordered the shave. I just charge three dollars because personally I don't mind much shavin' a dead person. They lay a whole lot stiller than live customers. The only thing is that you don't feel like talkin' to them and you get kind of lonesome.

Well, about the coldest day we ever had here, two years ago last winter, the phone rung at the house w'ile I was home to dinner and I answered the phone and it was a woman's voice and she said she was Mrs. John Scott and her husband was dead and would I come out and shave him.

Old John had always been a good customer of mine. But they live seven miles out in the country, on the Streeter road. Still I didn't see how I could say no.

So I said I would be there, but would have to come in a jitney and it might cost three or four dollars besides the price of the shave. So she, or the voice, it said that was all right, so I got Frank Abbott to drive me out to the place and when I got there, who should open the door but old John himself! He wasn't no more dead than, well, than a rabbit.

It didn't take no private detective to figure out who had played me this little joke. Nobody could of thought it up but Jim Kendall. He certainly was a card!

I tell you this incident just to show you how he could disguise his voice and make you believe it was somebody else talkin'. I'd of swore it was Mrs. Scott had called me. Anyways, some woman.

Well, Jim waited till he had Doc Stair's voice down pat; then he went after revenge.

He called Julie up on a night when he knew Doc was over in Carterville. She never questioned but what it was Doc's voice. Jim said he must see her that night; he couldn't wait no longer to tell her somethin'. She was all excited and told him to come to the house. But he said he was expectin' an important long distance call and wouldn't she please forget her manners for once and come to his office. He said they couldn't nothin' hurt her and nobody would see her and he just *must* talk to her a little w'ile. Well, poor Julie fell for it.

Doc always keeps a night light in his office, so it looked to Julie like they was somebody there.

Meanw'ile Jim Kendall had went to Wright's poolroom, where they was a whole gang amusin' themselves. The most of them had drank plenty of gin, and they was a rough bunch even when sober. They was always strong for Jim's jokes and when he told them to come with him and see some fun they give up their card games and pool games and followed along.

Doc's office is on the second floor. Right outside his door they's a flight of stairs leadin' to the floor above. Jim and his gang hid in the dark behind these stairs.

WELL, Julie come up to Doc's door and rung the bell and they was nothin' doin'. She rung it again and she rung it seven or eight times. Then she tried the door and found it locked. Then Jim made some kind of a noise and she heard it and waited a minute, and then she says, "Is that you, Ralph?" Ralph is Doc's first name.

They was no answer and it must of came to her all of a sudden that she'd been bunked. She pretty near fell downstairs and the whole gang after her. They chased her all the way home, hollerin', "Is that you, Ralph?" and "Oh, Ralphie, dear, is that you?" Jim says he couldn't holler it himself, as he was laughin' too hard.

Poor Julie! She didn't show up here on Main Street for a long, long time afterward.

And of course Jim and his gang told everybody in town, everybody but Doc Stair. They was scared to tell him, and he might of never knowed only for Paul Dickson. The poor cuckoo, as Jim called him, he was here in the shop one night when Jim was still gloatin' yet over what he'd done to Julie. And Paul took in as much of it as he could understand and he run to Doc with the story.

It's a cinch Doc went up in the air and swore he'd make Jim suffer. But it was a kind of a delicate thing, because if it got out that he had beat Jim up, Julie was bound to hear of it and then she'd know that Doc knew and of course knowin' that he knew would make it worse for her than ever. He was goin' to do somethin', but it took a lot of figurin'.

Well, it was a couple days later when Jim was here in the shop again, and so was the cuckoo. Jim was goin' duck-shootin' the next day and had came in lookin' for Hod Meyers to go with him. I happened to know that Hod had went over to Carterville and wouldn't be home till the end of the week. So Jim said he hated to go alone and he guessed he would call it off. Then poor Paul spoke up and said if Jim would take him he would go along. Jim thought a w'ile and then he said, well, he guessed a halfwit was better than nothin'.

I suppose he was plottin' to get Paul out in the boat and play some joke on him, like pushin' him in the water. Anyways, he said Paul could go. He asked him had he ever shot a duck and Paul said no, he'd never even had a gun in his hands. So Jim said he could set in the boat and watch him and if he behaved himself, he might lend him his gun for a couple of shots. They made a date to meet in the mornin' and that's the last I seen of Jim alive.

NEXT mornin', I hadn't been open more than ten minutes when Doc Stair come in. He looked kind of nervous. He asked me had I seen Paul Dickson. I said no, but I knew where he was, out duck-shootin' with Jim Kendall. So Doc says that's what he had heard, and he couldn't understand it because Paul had told him he wouldn't never have no more to do with Jim as long as he lived.

He said Paul had told him about the joke Jim had played on Julie. He said Paul had asked him what he thought of the joke and the Doc had told him that anybody that would do a thing like that ought not to be let live.

I said it had been a kind of a raw thing, but Jim just couldn't resist no kind of a joke, no matter how raw. I said I thought he was all right at heart, but just bubblin' over with mischief. Doc turned and walked out.

At noon he got a phone call from old John Scott. The lake where Jim and Paul had went shootin' is on John's place. Paul had came runnin' up to the house a few minutes before and said they'd been an accident. Jim had shot a few ducks and then give the gun to Paul and told him to try his luck. Paul hadn't never handled a gun and he was nervous. He was shakin' so hard that he couldn't control the gun. He let fire and Jim sunk back in the boat, dead.

Doc Stair, bein' the coroner, jumped in Frank Abbott's flivver and rushed out to Scott's farm. Paul and old John was down on the shore of the lake. Paul had rowed the boat to shore, but they'd left the body in it, waitin' for Doc to come.

Doc examined the body and said they might as well fetch it back to town. They was no use leavin' it there or callin' a jury, as it was a plain case of accidental shootin'.

Personally I wouldn't never leave a person shoot a gun in the same boat I was in unless I was sure they knew somethin' about guns. Jim was a sucker to leave a new beginner have his gun, let alone a halfwit. It probably served Jim right, what he got. But still we miss him round here. He certainly was a card!

Comb it wet or dry?

THE END

Are FLIRTATIONS HARMLESS *After*

By JULIA

TEN years ago the following article, by Julia Hoyt, might have been considered too bold to print. It is a startling contribution to the question of the day: To divorce or not to divorce?

In her writings, as in her varied career, Julia Hoyt meets life with courage and a mental keenness that cuts through the cobwebs of tradition. A member of one of New York's oldest families and regarded as one of the most beautiful women in America, she gave up the easy honors of society life for the hard work of the stage and silver screen. In both the spoken and the silent drama she is fast carving a secure niche for herself.

An interesting sidelight on the frank and logical views she sets down here is the fact that she herself is divorced. She has no children.

THE AVERAGE American has the opinion, formed from tradition as much as from original thought, that the majority of the Latin races are immoral and that the Anglo-Saxon is far superior to them in this respect. There is no doubt that the Latin races have quite different standards of morals from ours, but I wonder if, looking at ourselves squarely and honestly, we can today claim superiority in our standards.

The Anglo-Saxon is rather prone to condemn customs, modes of thought, convictions which differ from his; this is, I think, well known. Unquestionably, in the days of our Puritan grandfathers, America had a much stricter code of morals than European countries. But are we not today claiming the right to criticize the morals of the Latins, thanks to standards which have long since been so modified that only the outward shell remains?

To speak frankly, it is still outwardly considered immoral for a wife to have a lover, a husband a mistress.

Some unjustly (always unjustly) privileged people are permitted this luxury, and it is almost openly condoned, but in general it is spoken of with condemnation. Yet very little is thought of a man or woman divorcing and remarrying, not once but even two or three times, with often no reason other than that one or both are tired of their bargain or have

A New Answer by a Famous Beauty to an Old, Old Question—

What Are Married Folk to Do When Love Is Gone?

Picture by WALLACE MORGAN

The husband would never have an affair with a woman who might be numbered among his wife's friends; the wife will not obviously have a man who must sit next her at dinner.

Nickolas Muray Photo.

JULIA HOYT

MARRIAGE?

HOYT

grown to know someone they think they prefer as husband or wife.

Let us consider the two methods of dealing with the question of sex and then compare them. I must naturally consider them from the angle at which they strike me, realizing that there are many who will probably not only disagree with it but also criticize.

EVERYONE will agree, however, that marriage in America is tottering on its foundations. We are known all over the world as the country of divorces. It is a matter of opinion whether this condition is good or bad for the country and what has always been considered its backbone—families as a whole.

In my opinion, that word "family" is the turning point of the whole question. Not that I do not believe, and believe very strongly, that, children or no children, the marriage vows are words to be taken with the utmost seriousness.

But if two persons have sincerely and honestly tried to the best of their ability to make the best of what has turned out to be a bad bargain; if they find that in spite of all they may do they are hurting, instead of helping, each other, and if there are no children, it seems to me that, unfortunate and sad though it is, they are right to start life anew and separately. I must repeat, however—for it is the point that is being lost sight of today—that they are justified in so doing only if they have done all in their power to make a success of the job they undertook when they stood in front of the altar.

For those who have taken their promises seriously, divorce is anything but an easy thing to face, but, on the other hand, those same people are the very ones who cannot compromise. They are the ones who are not willing to lead a life of hypocrisy or make their wives or husbands ridiculous. Consequently, in this day of believing that everyone has a right to happiness—as far as it is possible to achieve it—and that they are not in duty bound to accept unhappiness because they have made a mistake, they take divorce as the answer to their problem and keep their self-respect. I am modern enough to think they are justified.

When I say "make their husbands or wives ridiculous" I am thinking of many couples I know who, in living together, are making of marriage a farce. The wives who make their husbands appear fools by obvious, cheap (though they will assure you, and probably in their minds it is so), perfectly innocent flirtations; husbands who do likewise.

Persons who are willing to make their hus-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTEEN]

bands or wives appear absurd or who can be rude to them before others and nagging and fighting at home, and yet feel that they are perfectly good husbands or wives because they are not breaking the seventh commandment, are people entirely lacking in any sensitiveness or right conception of marriage. If they were not so they would not be willing to cheapen themselves and marriage by the farce they make of the latter.

Marriage means more than merely the keeping of that one commandment. Those who make no attempt to live up to any of the laws of human relationships but that one should not only lose the respect of others but that very valuable thing to all of us: self-respect. Consequently, I repeat that for those persons to whom marriage means companionship and respect—in short, marriage in its true sense—who find that this beautiful relationship between them is impossible and who have no children, divorce is sad but their only chance of achieving happiness. In any case, they are probably hurting no one by divorcing and may hurt each other by continuing to live together.

NOW we come to the couples who have children, and here I take decided exception to the American method—divorce. That is, I take exception to it unless the father or mother is actually harming the children. In other words, once there is a child that child and its future should be the first consideration, and such problems as incompatibility, etc., should be put up with or solved in some way other than divorce. I can hear someone saying:

"Isn't it better for children to have their father and mother living separately than to grow up in an atmosphere of quarreling and perhaps actual dislike?"

My answer to that is there is always a place and a time—when the children are not present—in which to quarrel. Though it may demand an effort and self-control on the part of the parents it is not necessary for the children to be conscious of the fact that their parents do not "get along."

If a man or woman is literally impossible to live with decently, then undoubtedly the daily influence on the child is bad and divorce is justified. But we all know this is not the truth in most divorces today. Nothing can make up to a child for the absence of a home with his mother and father in it. The child whose parents are divorced and who is sent from one to the other grows up in an unnatural way and is often made unhappy by a love for both parents which it is made to feel it should not have.

Some persons hold the belief that when the child grows older he is bound to know that his parents are not perfectly happy together. What if he does? By that time he will be old enough to reason and to know that life is not a bed of roses for anyone. He will be sorry, but if he has the invaluable start of a childhood passed in the companionship of "mother and father" happily at home—illusion though it may be; if he grows up with no idea that they could be with anyone else but each other or anywhere else but where he is; if he has memories of happy hours spent with them and all the many mixed memories of childhood connected with mother and father together, he has something that a later realization of things being somewhat different from his childhood belief can never hurt or take away from him.

In addition, many parents find their reward later in what has seemed at the time a sacrifice.

I have in mind, particularly, a couple who were undoubtedly very unhappy in their early married life. Had it not been for their three children they would never have continued living together. They were determined, however, that their children should have a happy home and grow up with a respect for marriage and no consciousness, for as long as possible, of discord between their parents.

These children are grown up and, being now able to see their parents as individuals, realize how hard in many ways it must have been for their father and mother to live together. Not only have the parents the gratitude and appreciation of the children for their unselfishness but, through the companionship of many years and the inevitable trials of bringing up three children, they have now a sincere affection and respect for each other. Though they are still in many ways incompatible, they have learned how to solve the question and are quite lost one without the other.

We hear a great deal today about the terrible behavior of the young people in America, of their lack of respect for anything, their complete lack of a sense of responsibility toward others, etc., etc. In my opinion, much of this talk is grossly exaggerated. But if some of it is true I do not see how the older generation can entirely blame the younger. When we take away from our children the surroundings which make the basis of their start in life, the basis of the most important years in their lives—father and mother respecting each other and together at home with them—I believe we are taking away an irreplaceable thing.

WE turn for a minute to the Latin method. Some people will say that the reason for Latins divorcing so seldom is that most of them are Catholics. That may have something to do with the small number of divorces, but it is not the only reason, and it has nothing to do with the way in which they live their lives together.

In the first place, though the husband may have a liaison and the wife also one, it occurs, generally, only after they have a family, and it is a perfectly recognized thing between them. Between them, yes, but not for the benefit of other people. In other words, the husband would never have an affair or even an obvious flirtation with a woman who might be numbered among his wife's friends; the wife will not obviously have a man who must sit next her at dinner, dance with her all evening, etc. When they go to a dinner or dance it is together, and they leave together.

Among the Latins, the duties of father and mother, of master and mistress of the home, are and must be perfectly upheld. The wife is never humiliated by wondering about the husband and Mrs. So-and-So; she knows all there is to know and knows that her position with him is quite particular and that he regards her as his wife, the mother of his children, and the head of his house.

In other words, there is never any question of his putting another woman in the same category with his wife; physical unfaithfulness is, in their eyes, unimportant as compared to loyalty in other ways—sharing the responsibilities entailed by marriage and children, bringing them up to respect and love their parents and their home, and not outwardly, at any rate, cheapening each other.

WE know there are many couples who live together, keep all their marriage vows, and, though not "happy forever after," are as happy as any two human beings living together can be. That is, of course, the kind of marriage we would all like to achieve. But, unfortunately, we know that many do not, and it is simply a question of whether divorce and the shunting of the children around from one home environment to another is the solution of the sex problem (because that is generally at the back of it), or whether the Latin method of determining to live together in the other senses of marriage is the best.

I am no person to judge, but I must say again that I can have no sympathy with a man or woman who insults his or her wife or husband by obviously flirting, being attentive to, or accepting the attentions of another person for the eyes of all to see.

They call these flirtations harmless and think they prove it by having a new "beau" each year. They merely cheapen marriage, themselves, and the words "love" and "lover." They may keep the letter of the seventh commandment, yet they violate most of the others.

To cite a very much quoted remark of the late Pierpont Morgan when reproached by a certain man for doing behind closed doors what he did not do in the open, "Sir, that is what doors are for." It is certainly true that we do not have to know what we do not see.

If married couples are living together, bringing up their children together—are respectful, polite, and nice to each other when we see them—it is none of our business how they choose to conduct their lives.

In addition, respect, sharing of sorrows and responsibilities, and truthfulness with each other is a pretty good recipe for affection, for inspiring respect in one's own children and others, and for solving the question which always has been and always will be a difficult one: marriage.

It is, as everyone knows, not an irreproachable solution, but it seems to me one that may end by developing a family that is admirable in spite of some few deficiencies.

THE END

"I Wish I Were a Man!"

© Florence Vandamm
FANNIE HURST

FANNIE HURST, the famous novelist, finds this yearning in two-thirds of the women she knows. She has heard it uttered so often that it makes her a little tired. The author of Humoresque has considered the subject for herself, and has some opinions of her own. In a breezy, humorous article, good natured, but with a vigorous wallop in its lively phrases, she has set forth her view of things as they are—and they seem, as she tells it, pretty sad for the men. "Being a man in the world today," she says, "must be about as exciting as a walk down Main Street is for the oldest inhabitant." You may not believe this, but you'll be interested in her asking and answering of the only real sex question—

Which Would You Rather Be?

IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

They Builded a Ship

Pictures by
ANTON OTTO
FISCHER

"Hear me, Porter? To your room, or, by God, I'll shoot you for a scut!"

By
CAPTAIN
DINGLE

A STORY of Two Men, a Girl, and a Stirring Adventure in Clipper Days at Sea

A FATHER'S affection and a daughter's hopes went into the building of the Muriel clipper. She was launched from the ways with royal yards crossed, all ready to take in her ballast and lading, to bend her snowy new canvas and challenge the sea; and men saw the honest strength of her, the lofty grace of her, and declared no ship could sail with her.

A father's affection for his daughter brought about the building of the ship; Muriel Ralton's hopes were centered around the success of the clipper's young commander. For, if Philip Witney made good in this, his first command, Muriel would change her name to Witney and go to sea with her man.

Everybody knew that Philip and Muriel would come to moorings together. They had grown up together. In early adolescence there had been Dan Porter, too. He and Philip had played, fought, and courted the same girl while at school. They had gone to sea together. For a time gossip was interested in guessing which lad would grow into the man to win the ship owner's lass.

But Philip was more the lady's man. Dan was of a harder cast. At one of Muriel's parties, when both young men were home together, the pretty hostess danced six times with the smiling, gallant Philip. She wondered why Dan left the party without saying good-by.

Then the years began to roll, instead of dawdle, by. Dan went on long voyages, was rarely home. Philip remained in a trade which kept him nearer to Muriel; and at last the ship was built and his future was assured.

There was another party when his appointment was made. His engagement to Muriel was announced at that party. And foremost to congratulate him was Dan Porter. Dan had quit a deep-water ship, in which he had been first mate, to take his examination for master. After the party, when the men added a little finish of their own to the occasion, Philip waxed convivial over a surreptitious bottle of liquor somebody produced. From conviviality he passed to a surly, quarrelsome stage, which broke up the party and left him and Dan alone together. Dan took Philip to his lodging, and saw him safe.

"Same old buddies as ever!" the gossips said, and regarded the lapse indulgently.

They had rather more to talk about when Dan, whom everybody looked to see in a command of his own, accepted old Ralton's offer to sail as mate of the fine, new Muriel.

"No pride about Dan!" said the gossips, again. "Solid old Dan!"

THE Muriel ran to the equator in twenty days. That was splendid. The crack Cape Horn clipper, Racehorse, had been in sight for a week. First her courses could be seen from the Muriel's deck; on the day the line was crossed the Racehorse's royals were just in sight from the new clipper's masthead, astern.

"She'll drop days from the record!" the sailors said, gleefully.

Philip was a proud young skipper. He walked his deck with brisk step and bright eye, thrilling to the leap and thunder of a thousand tons of foaming clipper underfoot.

The broad, clear decks were clean as a housewife's floor. The lofty, leaning spars gleamed gold and white in the sun. Rigging glossy and bar taut; service vividly white; running gear faultlessly placed, overhauled, and stopped up, too new to have lost the bright yellow of the fresh coils, yet too cleverly handled to retain the kinks and cussedness of newness; sails that set in the singing breeze like old ivory carvings and crooned under the wind's caress; yards braced with the precision of perfect seamanship, until sails, spars, rigging, and the glossy black hull itself, with the graceful gold stripe tracing the sweet line of the sheer, seemed to be one glorious creature endowed with life.

There was music in the running seas at her sides. There was an organ note in the pouring of the wind under the wide-arched courses. Rhythmically, as she dipped her bows and settled her counter, came the mellow roar of the parted and reunited seas. Silver sprays, upward flung at her stem, pattered into the jibs and fore course and made sportive chorus with the tapping fingers of the reefpoints.

"She's grand, Mr. Porter, grand!" Philip enthused. And Dan, the man responsible for all those visible perfections of the vessel's trim, answered respectfully:

"Yes, sir; she sails well."

When the wind fell light abreast of the Brazilian coast and the south equatorial current was still an adverse factor, the Racehorse crept into sight again. She was farther to seaward. She had more sea room. And Captain Witney found another face to show. He grew fretful and peevish, fault finding and querulous.

"Mr. Porter, those upper yards are not braced properly," he complained, unjustly.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The waiting second mate and his men saw Dan lurch toward the skipper, saw one of Dan's broad shoulders hunch and fall, and saw the skipper sink to his knees as if shot.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE 15]

"Can't you see they're not?"

"Aye, aye, sir," replied Dan civilly, and led his watch around the ship, throwing down coils of gear, making believe to brace yards in no need of bracing, and left the grumbling men to hang up the gear again.

"Look at that other ship! I don't believe the course is being watched when I'm not on deck!" Philip made that charge often.

"One or two of the men steer better than others, sir. I'll only use the best in future," said Dan.

The second mate, Mr. Yates, and the steward, Daddy Green, shared a small cabin, and when together off duty they shared confidences in the fashion old shipmates and old cronies have. Daddy Green had sailed as a boy with old Ralton when he was a first voyager, and knew too much for any old man to know.

Mr. Yates was a relic from the same days. He was a second mate in the days when chronometers were regarded as newfangled; and he was content to remain a second mate so long as advancement demanded belief in any such trumpery as a clock for safety in navigation, no matter how many mahogany and glass boxes it was packed in to protect it from heat and cold.

They were an excellent pair of old fossils; shrewd, too, in many things, as old fossils sometimes are. And they talked.

"D'ye s'pose that smart Dan Porter j'ined this ship jest to sp'ile Cap'n Witney's trip? I see his face when Miss Muriel kissed th' cap'n good-by. They both was arter the gal."

"Dan Porter's too good a sailor man to be that underhanded," grunted loyal Mr. Yates, to whom there was no more glorious title than smart sailor man.

"I heard Cap'n Witney tell him as his yards wuz braced sloppy," persisted the steward, with senile obstinacy.

"The yards couldn't be braced no better by Admiral Noah!" snapped Mr. Yates, who had also been accused of not watching the steering. "The Old Man ain't easy himself. It's his first command, and he's nervous. I been with him before. I been along with Dan Porter, too. I know which is the sailor man. You mind your stewarding and leave the deck to sailor men, Daddy Green. You better keep your eye on the liquor, too."

"What ya mean?" grumbled Daddy. He was trying to hold his pipe right side up in almost toothless jaws while both hands were occupied in striking a match. "I got charge o' the licker, mister!"

"Watch it, then," retorted Mr. Yates, sleepily, rolling over and pulling the blanket about his ears, to shut out further sleep-robbing chatter.

DAN PORTER was proud of the new clipper. When he had the deck to himself, day or night, he felt himself merge into the fabric of the ship and become strand and frame and timber of her. He was that kind of sailor who believes that a fine ship possesses a fine soul, responsive to the fine soul of a true sailor. He knew that only the fine souls became responsive.

Often, in the night watches, he sent the helmsman away on some errand and thrilled to the feel of the wheel in his own hands. Then the Muriel sped. There were no curves in the log line then. The very bubbles in the wake seemed to tinkle in glee.

Eastward of the Falklands, ice was met with. For days a blusterous southwesterly gale had staggered the ship. She streamed icy seas at every scupper hole. Under a press of sail which many a ship would find far too much, the Muriel battled for her southing.

"She's overpressed, Mr. Porter. We'll take the topgallants in," said Philip, coming from the cabin for the first time that day and staring aloft uneasily.

"She's standing up fine, sir," protested Dan, thrilled to the marrow with the ship's glorious battle.

"She's straining, I say! Take those sails in."

"It's a shame, a damned shame," muttered Dan, moving to obey.

"It is a damned shame!" cried Philip. "A

damned shame you can't be trusted on deck without trying to lose my spars for me!"

Dan stared suspiciously at the skipper. Philip's face was white, but a red spot burned in each cheek and his eyes blazed.

"That's a lie!" said Dan, flatly. "The ship can stand the sail she has. She's doing well. We've overhauled the Racehorse since eight bells. Sorry, sir; I thought we were trying to beat her."

"Overhauled?" echoed Philip, irritably. "We were days ahead of her!"

"SIGHTED her ahead this morning," snapped the mate, raising his whistle to blow for the watch. "There she is now. You can see her as we lift. Making hard weather of it under six topsails."

The whistle shrilled, and the men appeared, one by one, out of their shelters. The captain raised a wavering hand.

"All right, Mr. Porter. Carry on. Watch yourself if you lose me a spar, that's all!"

"That'll do, men. Get under shelter," shouted Dan against the gale, and exulted in his triumph as he saw Philip return to the snug cabin.

When he was relieved, Dan hurried to his cabin and Daddy Green brought hot coffee to him.

"Steward," said he, quietly, "is the captain taking any liquor?"

"I ain't issuing none, Mister Porter," returned Daddy Green, resentfully. "I ain't answerable to nobody else but him, anyhow, for licker."

"If he ordered it you'd give it him?"

"O' course I would. I ain't cap'n o' this yer ship!" Daddy put a fine emphasis on that "I." His eyes looked his meaning, too, as he left the mate's cabin with the empty coffee mug and a sniff.

"Too busy, he is, Mister Yates," Daddy told the second mate when they met again. "Talks as if 'twas him as ought to be master o' the Muriel."

"If he was, you wouldn't see no topgallants comin' in with a bit of a breeze like this," grumbled Mr. Yates. "I wish he was. If we was to beat the Racehorse out to Frisco, freights home 'ud be good enough for some of us I knows of to get a juicy bit o' bonus."

"If he wuz, we might beat th' Racehoss; but as he ain't—well——"

Daddy Green concluded by simply nodning his old head, implying deep wisdom.

"D'you mean to say Dan Porter's trying to throw us all down?" shouted Mr. Yates, above the muffled thunder of the outside seas against the ship's run. "Why, you barnacled old dishwasher——"

Mr. Yates had his own peculiar way of cutting short an argument. So had Daddy Green. Daddy heard as far as that, then he was inside his tiny pantry, with the door shut firmly and the subject closed.

II.

SNOW flurried across the gale in the morning watch. Dan Porter was on deck again, and now he was growing anxious. It is the fine sailor who grows anxious among the gray Cape Horn seas, when ice is all around and snow comes on the wings of a gale. The indifferent sailor grows afraid; the fool doesn't know enough to be either scared or anxious.

Dan had lookouts on the foreyard, on the boat skids, on the poop, bidding each man wrap himself well and lash the arms and ankles of his oilskins.

The ship still bore her topgallant sails bravely; but even Dan Porter doubted that she could carry them much longer. Yet he knew that the more sail she could carry safely, the better control she was under. And ice littered the roaring seas. Snow thickened the murky sky.

"Ice close aboard to windward!" screamed the foreyard lookout.

"All right!" Dan roared back, and took up his position beside the wheel, watching the helmsman as he hove up the helm. The ship reeled abruptly, her wind cut off by a towering wall of ghostly white a cable length to windward. Then she sped by, the gale took her again, she was brought back to her course.

The mate shivered. There was a ghastly chill in that too adjacent ice. It was bigger ice than he had expected to encounter, too. When night fell ice had been visible, but it was mostly small cakes of flat shore ice. This last apparition of potential disaster was a cathedral-like pile a hundred feet high, and of a mass to terrify by day.

Muriel Ralton

Dan debated whether he ought to call the captain, to let the responsibility lie where it rightfully belonged. While he pondered, he

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sang softly, turning his head from the wind. It was a habit he had.

"Through tear-dimmed eyes beamed looks of love,
Her arms 'round him she flung;
As clings the breeze on swelling sail
Upon his breast she hung.

"The boatmen cry, 'It's time to part,
No longer can we stay';
'Twas then Maimuna taught my heart
How much a glance can say;
'Twas then Maimuna taught my heart
How much a glance can say."

"Ice under th' lee bow!" yelled the lookout on the skids.

"All right!" shouted the mate, and hastily turned again to the wheel, helping the seaman. Together they eased the big ship into the wind until her weather leeches trembled, and the rumble of the ice made a shivery sound all along her lee side. Then again the Muriel was brought back to her course, plunging into the darkness which snow and ghostly ice rendered the more terrifying.

"A singin' mate! A bleedin' singin' orf'cer a night like this!" muttered the helmsman, shaking in his sea boots with nervousness. And out from the companionway door to leeward stumbled Captain Witney, capless, lacking oilskins, wild-eyed and white, awakened or startled by the rumbling ice, the violent shaking of the ship in the wind, the giddy roll she performed when the gale took hold of her again.

A blast of icy snow drove athwart the ship; a sullen gray sea crashed over the lee rail in the waist. The ship was buried for several minutes in a shroud of frozen snow that hissed spitefully against the hidden topsails and stung every eye that faced it almost to blindness.

And in the peak of the flurry a topgallant sheet parted high in the blank void overhead; the spars quivered so that the ship was shaken in the thrashing of the released sail; the foreyard lookout slid down toward the deck on a backstay, screaming at the top of his lungs:

"Iceberg right ahead!"

EVEN as the man disappeared in the welter of water on the main deck, to swiftly reappear at the poop ladder, gasping for breath and in panic, a white cliff grew out of the blackness beyond the snow squall, passed in awful threat along the Muriel's weather side, and, barely touching the main yardarm, gently snapped off three feet of the spar outside lift and brace and bore it off into the sternward night.

"Let go all t'gallant halyards! Clew 'em up and make fast!" roared the mate, himself leaping to the mizzen lee sheet and halyards. Men instinctively ran to round in the weather topgallant braces, and manned the clewlines. The mate stamped heavily on the deck above the second mate's berth to arouse him, and sent a man scurrying along to call the bos'un and all hands forward.

Every moment Dan Porter's alert glance was on the ship; a word to the helmsman, a terse command to the seamen, and an eye for everything. And the big ship stormed along.

Mr. Yates came up, growling and squinting and reaching the deck, wide awake and fully prepared for anything, as became a real old salt; and, as if that was all he had been waiting for, Captain Philip Witney staggered up to Dan Porter the moment Mr. Yates appeared.

"You are relieved, Mister Porter!" screamed Philip, grinning in Dan's frowning face.

"What?" yelled Dan, dumfounded. A man might fancy he heard almost anything in that uproar of crashing seas, howling, yelling sailors, and booming wind.

"Relieved! Go to your room! Mister Yates, take charge of the deck! Porter deliberately tried to cast away my ship. He joined to do it! Hear me, Porter? To your room, or, by God, I'll shoot you for a scut!"

Dan stared at the furious skipper, and at the pistol he presented shakily. Philip's face was snow white and his lips were bloodless. He was half crazy, and Dan recalled very vividly another night, less stormy, when he had seen just that look on Philip's face. There was real menace in that pistol in such hands, and Mr. Yates was already moving to obey orders without question, which was his duty. Dan's hesitation was very brief.

The whole scene was enacted in a matter of seconds, for the ship staggered through the howling chaos of storm, and snow, and ice. The skipper had turned to the helmsman, demanding some word to bear out his own accusation against the mate.

"I didn't see nothin', sir!" yelled the man, still shaking with nervousness. "I knows he was singin', and wasn't lookin' out, sir."

"Go below! You hear me? For the last time!" cried the skipper; and Dan shrugged his broad shoulders, flashed a look around the ship, and obeyed.

IN his berth, Dan Porter braced himself against the tremendous motion of the ship, lit a pipe, and smoked fitfully. He did not undress. Did not remove his oilskins. He turned his lamp half way up, stood wedged between his bunk and the end of his desk, and gave himself up to moody thoughts.

Philip Witney had weakened under stress. He was drinking. At that very moment he was half crazed with liquor and nervousness. And with queer accuracy he had hit shrewdly near to the mark in at least one part of his drunken tirade.

Dan Porter had, in the first place, joined the Muriel as mate with the hope that he might, unsuspected, bring about the discredit of Witney. That had seemed so simple a solution to his own problem, so sure a means to his own ambition. Old Ralton would never let Witney command the splendid Muriel after a failure on the first voyage. And his daughter would never want to oppose her father's wishes in the matter of a husband.

Dan knew, also, that the Racehorse was out to beat the crack new clipper, as much out of the imperative necessity of survival as for mere glory of winning a race around the Horn. Sailing-ship freights were dwindling. Only the consistent passage makers could survive and pay their owners dividends. That had seemed to Dan Porter a perfect opportunity.

Dan stood as high as anybody with old Ralton, after Philip Witney, and if he once secured command of that fine ship he would show the old man that her first voyage failure had been due to bad handling. And he had no doubt that Muriel might also discover her own mistake in time.

That had been Dan's notion when he accepted the mate's berth after preparing for a command. He had not, perhaps, helped in making Philip intoxicated after that party; he had, in fact, looked after him as carefully as anybody could; but he knew he might easily have stopped him far short of the point reached had he really cared.

The smoke puffed thickly from his pipe. His brows were heavy and darkling. The battering seas without the ship filled the cabin with a sullen roar. The round glass of his porthole was a perpetual whirling green world which never stopped hissing at him. Under his feet the red carpet slipped from its pins and curled up in the lee side under the steep slant of the deck.

And the ship quivered and groaned; the shrill cries of storm-beaten sailors far aloft, fighting for their lives in the bitter black cold against frozen sails possessed of seven devils, penetrated clearly to his ear, even through decks and closed doors.

He quietly slipped his life jacket out from under his pillow, smiling grimly. Then, the smile less grim, almost gentle, he opened a drawer, took out a dog-eared snapshot, and gazed at it long and intently.

THE door opened, Daddy Green poked his head inside cautiously, starting back in alarm at seeing the mate standing there when he had expected to find him lying down, at least. But Dan gave him no glance, and Daddy hastily removed the key from the inside of the door and bobbed out again, calling through the narrowing aperture as he shut and locked the door:

"Cap'n's orders. Got to lock you in, Mister Porter!"

Dan paid no more attention than he had to the old steward's entry. He gazed fixedly at the laughing face in the picture. It was a snapshot that Muriel Ralton had given to him long ago, and he had spent many an hour in rapt adoration over it. That was a face to urge a man to great endeavors. Sweet and womanly, gentle and strong, pretty, and no doll. A lass to give a sailor stout sons, and sailor sons a noble mother.

Dan's pipe went out, and he gritted his strong teeth over what might have been. He remembered only too vividly the ordeal of sailing day, when he had tried to look the other way while Muriel bade her man good-by; Muriel with the glistening eyes that shone with pride for her man through the tears. What might a man do for such a look as that?

And such a man! Dan grinned bitterly at the thought. That man was that moment in charge of thirty human lives, to say nothing of a grand new clipper. That was the part that hurt—the ship. Even Dan, with the discreditable truth of his motives behind him, could not willfully endanger that splendid fabric of wood and hemp, steel and canvas which a sailor's love could endow with a soul.

Every few minutes the thin wail of a lookout overhead reported ice to weather, or lee, or ahead. Every few minutes a boarding sea filled the decks with thunder and shook the ship right down to her last keel bolt. Now and then the rasping rumble of ice along the leaning hull sent a shivery feeling down Dan's spine. Less often a heavier thump jarred the ship, with a sharp, staccato crack. Solid ice, that was: ice with murder frozen within its green heart.

Dan refilled his pipe, and puffed, and pored over the picture of Muriel Ralton. His eyes gleamed somberly, and his brows held a scowl. Around the stem of his pipe his full, red lips quivered and writhed. The breath hissed from his nostrils unevenly, at times spasmodically.

With an abrupt jerk he presently left his corner, replaced the photo, and closed the drawer. His face seemed to have become set in hard, stern lines. Perhaps for the first time he realized that he was locked in his cabin; he tried the handle with fierce impatience. For a moment he considered forcing the door.

He was hurled away by the breathlessly sudden uprighting of the ship. A piece of hard ice struck his porthole, broke, and stuck there against the glass. There was the terrific thunder and crash of emptied sails and thrashing

Men fought their way to the braces through a welter of seas and a veritable death-trap of snaking ropes.

gear; the sullen beating of seas against a halted ship.

A moment of dizzy rolling, with the hollow thud-thud of ice against wood; a babel of human sound; a sickening sensation of sinking as a hundred tons of icy, bitter brine filled the ship's long, broad main deck from forecastle-break to poop; then the dead feeling of her as she leaned to the gale again, too overburdened with weight of water to gain headway so quickly.

Something crashed against the forward bulkhead of the cabin; a shattered, scattered crash, and voices rose, only to be swept away on the wings of the wind. Then somebody pounded on the mate's door, somebody shouted; the key turned, and Mr. Yates stuck in his hoary old head, streaming brine, fringed with ice, spotted with blood.

"Come up and take her before he drowns us!" bawled Mr. Yates.

"Did *he* send you?" demanded Dan.

"He did not! But he's nigh lost her twice in half an hour. He's lost both boats. He's killed a man——"

"Shot——?"

"Boat hit him! Come up, sir. The men want you. If you don't, damned if I don't take charge myself."

"He'll order you to clap me in irons!" snapped Dan.

"I won't do it! You take charge, and me and all hands'll witness that you put him under restraint for the safety o' the ship. Come on up. It's your big chance!" cried Mr. Yates anxiously, playing his big card at the instant that the Muriel staggered to her keelson again under the assault of a boarding grayback. Dan made a wry grimace.

"It's my big chance, all right," he muttered, swung on his sou'wester, and followed the second mate on deck. Old Daddy Green, making morning coffee in his pantry across the saloon, dropped his pot and stared. When he picked it up again and started afresh, he reached down a third mug from the hooks, wedged it with the other two, and stuck a spoon in it.

DAN emerged into the icy blast with head down and averted face, trying to gather some grasp of the situation. The crew were huddled on the poop. The main deck had been swept clear of boats, skids, and pigsty. Crouching behind the canvas dodger in the weather forward angle of the poop rail, Captain Witney's white face looked like a death's-head in the greenish light of a desolate dawn. The bundled figure of a lookout on the truss of the mainyard loomed against the leaden skies like a yellow flag. And as far as eye could see in the lessening darkness, rank on rank the icebergs sailed.

"Ice ahead!" wailed the lookout.

"Ice to looard!"

"Ice close aboard to windward!"

And while the ship yet swung, making a track like a sea serpent:

"Sail ho! Lee bow, sta'board tack!"

MR. YATES, with six sailors at his back, pressed around Dan Porter. Mr. Yates thrust something heavy and icy-cold into the mate's hand, and urged him toward the skipper's corner.

"Here's his own gun," said Mr. Yates. "He dropped it trying to charge the chamber, and I picked it up. Told him it went through the rail. Give 's orders, sir. We'll back you up."

"On'y say th' worrud, sor, an' we'll smallgang him for th' safety av our loives an' th' aise av his sowl!" boomed a big, bony sailor from the land where riots were invented. Dan took the pistol, and with a keen eye-sweep around the situation, moved forward. The seamen spat on their hands. Here was some titbit for a sailor!

But Dan gave them no order immediately. He stepped close to Philip, and peered fiercely into a peaked, blue face; eyes bright with realization; with a light in them which had been lit with alcohol and was dying out; with teeth grinning horribly, like the teeth of a cornered cur which has decided to fight.

The waiting second mate and his men saw Dan lurch toward the skipper, saw one of

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Dan's broad shoulders hunch and fall, and saw the skipper sink to his knees as if shot, held from falling completely by the mate's arms under his.

"Come here! You, Mr. Yates! What in hell are you standing there for? Captain Witney is ill. Don't you see he's half dead from exposure?"

"Ill? Ain't you going to——?" roared Mr. Yates above the gale.

"Get him below and into his bed, and tell the steward to 'tend to him! Don't stand there like samson posts!" snarled Dan, with a look of bitter rage which seemed not to be directed at anybody, but which appeared to be aimed inwardly.

Clumsily, all bewildered, they bore Philip Witney to his stateroom, and Daddy Green pottered about him with hot water and towels and brandy, his own restoratives for any and all manner of inexplicable lapses of consciousness. And Dan Porter stood on the poop.

Ice scraped alongside again. The Muriel hurled the clashing cakes aside, roaring down upon the Racehorse, braced sharp up on the port tack.

To bear away would drive the Muriel straight at the ice. To luff would bring the ship to a staggering halt among the broken windward ice fair in the course of the laboring Racehorse. The decision was to be made, and instantly.

Dan sweat, for all the bitter cold. And he laughed, horribly. It was a devilish emergency for any man to face; and he was facing it without warning, just coming from a disgraced seclusion, and doing it for another man. Or was it for the ship, that splendid new clipper which leaped and quivered under foot like a living thing?

Every breath rendered the emergency more acute. In another breath it would be too late to do anything but tack ship; and even the Muriel was very apt to refuse to stay under her short canvas in that turmoil. To wear ship must carry her among the heavier ice she had just passed.

"Port hellum! Square in mizzen topsail yard!" roared Dan at long last, and felt the thrill of command for the first time.

Men fought their way to the braces through a welter of seas and a veritable death-trap of snaking ropes. Mr. Yates helped the helmsman roll up the wheel. The men who had waited behind Mr. Yates for Dan to supersede the captain obeyed orders mechanically.

And when the big ship was crushing her way through soft ice which burst about her frozen bows just like the seas, and the Racehorse was safely cleared, the crew gathered again on the poop out of the boarding waters, looking to Dan for guidance.

III.

DAY was broad and gray. Everything was gray. But it was day. And that leeward ice, which had looked so menacing, proved light weight and rotten when the ship plowed through it. Daddy Green came up with hot coffee, and looked queerly at Dan as he handed him a mug. Dan curtly inquired after Philip, and Daddy began to burst forth into voluble gibberish, which could only be translated into a vague and curiosity-driven surmise about the skipper's condition.

"Chin's all bruised, Mister Porter, an' he got a stiff neck."

There was a half question there. Dan gave back his empty mug.

"Keep on applying hot towels, steward," grunted Dan. "He had a nasty fall when he fainted. I'll be down to see him in a little while. Don't dare let him come out. It's as much as his life's worth!"

Daddy vanished. Mr. Yates and his men exchanged knowing looks. The Racehorse had passed out of sight to leeward. There was no break in the gale, but the wind had hauled free a full point and there was no snow.

The ship still filled her decks with gray seas whenever she bore away to avoid ice, and ice still clattered along her sides. But it was light ice, and no bergs were to be seen. The two mates and both watches of men dragged three topgallant sails aloft, and amazingly they managed to rouse up a chantey:

"Oh, 'round Cape Horn, where cold winds blow:
Way, hay, way-hay-hah!
'Round old Cape Stiff through sleet and snow:
And a long time ago!

"I wisht to Gawd I'd never been born!
Way, hay, way-hay-hah!
To go windjammin' 'round Cape Horn:
And a long time ago!"

Setting the sails was a sailorly act, and men who had grown sullen in the biting chill while losing ground, roused up again in the prospect of beating the Racehorse yet. Men who, in darkness and freezing sleet thought only of safety, in daylight could find heart to think of the joy of beating a rival clipper.

Mr. Yates headed his watch and saw the work well done; then returned to the poop, waiting with poorly disguised impatience for the announcement that Dan had taken command, and that he, Mr. Yates, was thereafter to be recognized as acting chief mate.

"That'll do the starboard watch, Mr. Yates," said Dan at last. The starboard watch is always the captain's watch, kept by the second mates of ships since second mates were known. Mr. Yates looked suggestively at Dan.

"That'll do your watch, Mr. Yates," repeated Dan, in a tone which left no excuse for question; and the second mate sent his men forward and took himself off below, with a hearty old deep-sea grievance rumbling in his chest. Dan Porter had forgotten him. Selfishness, that was it.

DAN sent his own watch to try the pumps, for the ship had been well pounded by the ice. The sailors sang at the pumps, for the seas were going down and a sailor man was in charge.

"Mizzouri! She's a mighty river,
A-away you rolling river!
Mizzouri! She's the queen of waters.
Ho-ho, we're bound away, 'cross the wide Mizzouri."

"Not much water, sir," the carpenter reported, when the pumps sucked.

"All right, Chips. Send the bos'un to me," said Dan. And when the bos'un stood beside the wheel, able to keep a lookout for a few minutes, Dan Porter went below to see Philip. Daddy Green scowled up at his entrance. Philip's eyes were gloomy and dark.

"Get out of here, steward," said Dan. When he had closed the door, he stood over Philip.

"Well?" Philip shot question, accusation, defiance, and bitterness all together in that one word. Dan's face was haggard and gray. But he had little to say. He said it simply.

"Captain Witney, you've had a bad stroke. I'd advise you to quit drinking liquor."

"I've had a stroke! Yes; you hit me on the chin! Whatever you may think you can do now, I promise you'll pay for it!" snarled Philip; and Dan saw that the man was half demented with shame and fear for the future. As levelly as he had started, Dan finished:

"You are mistaken, Captain Witney. Your chin struck my boot when you fell. I repeat, liquor may bring on another and more serious stroke." Dan fixed Philip with a burning stare. "I advise you not to depend upon liquor in cold weather. The reaction may be very harmful and may lose you the ship. She is now clear of the ice, sir; the Racehorse is out of sight to leeward, and the ship makes no water."

Dan was about to leave the stateroom to return to the deck.

"Dan," said Witney, with a queer look, "as man to man, what are you doing this for? Where does it lead to?"

"Man to man, Witney," returned Dan hoarsely, "the end is for you to seek. I shipped with you to break you. An hour ago the men asked me to put you under restraint and take charge of the ship. I was a fool not to. Only that I saw the light in a girl's eyes as she kissed you good-by on the wharf, I would do it now. For whatever you're worth, you're her man. I didn't count. It was you. Get that? Another stroke, and——"

Dan left Philip to fill in the admonition.

IN the saloon Mr. Yates met Dan, and there still was question in the old fellow's eyes.

"Captain Witney's better," said Dan. "He'll be on deck soon."

Old Mr. Yates glowered, but the expression did not fit him, and it did not last long. But he had to deliver himself.

"Blow hot, blow cold! You never ought to have another chance, be damned if you did!"

To his astonishment, Dan smiled gently, as if full of tender memories.

"Did you ever see a light in a girl's eyes?" Dan queried, with a far-away look in his own.

Mr. Yates abruptly darted into his room, and shut the door. Yet not entirely did he shut the door either; for Captain Witney had emerged from his stateroom and stepped impulsively up to Dan. They stood beneath the skylight, the captain and the mate, and old Mr. Yates gaped at them through a narrow crack between door and jamb, which slowly widened before his bewilderment.

"Dan, a fellow can't say much in the circumstances," the skipper was saying. Mr. Yates' ears stood out like stu'nsails. But he heard no more. Captain Witney started to say something else, but the words would not come. His eyes gleamed, and would not meet the rather somber gaze of the mate, until Dan gripped the hand held waveringly toward him and gave it one strong pressure. Then Philip's eyes met Dan's with high resolve and new courage, and he muttered the only other word which reached Mr. Yates' ears.

"Thanks!"

The skipper returned to his room, and Dan mounted to the poop. Mr. Yates opened his door and went to find Daddy Green, who joined wordy battle with him, in which much wind went wasting. Dan Porter walked the deck overhead, striding briskly, singing down the wind:

"'Twas there Maimuna taught my heart
How much a glance can say!"

And a big, bony helmsman from the land where riots grow told his shipmates, when his trick was done:

"Be cripes! A singin' mate's no sorrt av man to tie to! I misdoubt he'd ha' drownded all hands in our bunks if we'd ha' backed him up to upset th' Ould Man!"

THE END

Gerald Chapman, considered by the police of the United States the most dangerous desperado of his time.

Chapman

The Story of a

SUPERCROOK

By EDWARD H. SMITH

Picture by DUDLEY SUMMERS

George Anderson, who taught Chapman the finer points of banditry when they met in prison.

GERALD CHAPMAN is probably the most interesting bandit in the annals of modern crime. Liberty is not making a hero of him. This series of stories shows that the smartest criminals come to grief and that the profit in their enterprises, when balanced against the risk, is always negligible.

From the time Chapman began his career of crime, before he was nineteen, he has been out of prison less than five years, and even this includes those periods he has been at large through escape.

Edward H. Smith, the author of this series of articles, met Chapman, although when he knew him, he did not realize the man was Chapman. The facts in this series of articles about Chapman's life and criminal activities were collected from post-office authorities and from two underworld pals of the desperado.

FIRST ARTICLE

IN 1907 a skinny and neurotic Irish boy in New York stole a little money and was sent to prison for an indeterminate term of penance. It was not his first straying from the fold, for he already had the kind of reputation for delinquency that a stripling of nineteen does not acquire over night, and he had managed to estrange himself from his family by his general bad conduct.

For all that, he was a pleasant-looking youth with alert eyes and an ineffaceable smile of good humor and good temper. Nothing sinister about him at all; no dark brand or portentous sign, such as the experts pick out at sight among certain criminals. Indeed, he was just a wild youth who had broken a law and been caught at it.

Today, after eighteen years of life in the shadow of the police power and the gloom of the prison—the life romantic, according to those who have never lived it—this young man occupies a rare eminence of evil fame. Whose fault this is, I do not pretend to say, whatever my opinions. I merely set down the facts.

In the swift climacteric of his career—the last four years—this man has committed a colossal piece of banditry and many lesser crimes. He has been caught and penned; has broken his jail, been shot down and caged again, only to loosen his seals once more. He has been hunted over the face of the earth by armies of detectives—to what wild rumors and thrills and breathless suspenses?

Curious yarns and legends have grown up about the fellow, and deeds of strange power and valor are his by attribution. To the public he is the "most celebrated criminal of the time," and to the police the "worst desperado since Harry Tracy," of precious and bloody memory. In short, at the early age of thirty-seven he is a creature already fabulous and unreal. Even his name is a vagary—Gerald Chapman.

Perhaps the first task of one who has set out to tell something akin to the truth about this notorious offender is to brush away some of the cloud of falsehood or romance. What Gerald Chapman's true name is cannot be revealed here, for the reason that his elder brother is a respectable man, holding a position of trust, with a family to rear and the right to protection from an evil fame with which he and his have had no responsible connection.

Chapman is not a count, as the underworld betitled him, nor is he highly connected. He is not, as reported, a graduate of Harvard or of any other university. Neither is he a technician nor learned man. He speaks English, Spanish, and perhaps a little German or Swedish, but he is not really a linguist, having merely studied his exotic languages in prison and picked up some of his knowledge from his noteworthy comrade in crime, George Anderson, who is a man of genuine education.

Chapman was born in New York City, to obscure and honest parents who came from Ireland. Some persons have been led to believe that Chapman was born "on the other side" by his affectation of a British accent. My informants, who seem to know the story accurately, say this is a pretension and one which Chapman tried to foster. The man's education was got in the New York grade and high schools, which he left when he was sixteen.

What additional formal education came his way was dictated by the piety of his parents, who wanted the boy to become a priest. He was, accordingly, admitted to Cathedral College, New York, and spent a year there, leaving when he was seventeen, to blast the hopes of his mother and his own. I make this statement on the authority of those who have had reason to investigate the man's past officially and on the strength of Chapman's own testimony in court.

ONCE out of school and away from the monastic influence, the youth seems to have strayed into troubled waters at once. He was no long time in cutting himself off from his family or in finding evil associates. At nineteen, as already recorded, he was first sent to prison for theft. After he had served fourteen months he was paroled into the custody of a generous stranger, who made the young man his personal clerk and secretary.

But this place in the sun was soon shadowed. Chapman stole one hundred and thirteen dollars and was quickly sent back to prison, this

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time for three and one-half years. He was again paroled, after having served two years and eight months.

After some vicissitudes, Chapman found work as a street car conductor in the Bronx, New York City, and held the job for about four months, only to commit another unimportant theft. When he pleaded guilty he was sentenced, as a repeater, to serve a term of ten years—this in October, 1911.

This early part of the criminal history of so notorious and deadly a marauder must be of genuine interest to all who seek to trace the development of such a person. It is characteristic that up to that time he had not committed a spectacular crime or even a noteworthy one. He was not then a professional criminal, a member of the organized underworld. Indeed, he was nothing but a pitiful recidivist who could not keep his hands off other people's money and his poor carcass out of jail, where he had spent four years out of the five since his first conviction.

But after Chapman went back to Sing Sing in 1911 there came a change. His ten year bit had evidently sobered him and brought reflection, for he was soon marked by his keepers and other prisoners as a solitary and studious young man who spent the greater part of his time with books and his own thoughts, consorting very little with other convicts. Just what date marked the beginning of this phase I do not pretend to say, but prisoners who met and knew Chapman in Auburn Prison, where he arrived after short stays at both Sing Sing and Dannemora—New York prisons—tell me he had his bookishness and his aloofness well developed when they encountered him first in that house of punishment.

IT was at Auburn that Chapman met the convict who was destined to exert a most important influence upon his future, and it is even possible that it was from this man that the first inclination to study and improvement came. The prisoner was, of course, George Anderson, alias La Farge, alias Brown, alias Bower, Heines, Dutch Anderson, and what not? Anderson had been sent up from Rochester for forging and cashing money orders. He had previously been a confidence man, money order thief, and burglar—"an all around crook," to use the police characterization.

But Anderson was also something more remarkable. The story has been told repeatedly, and I find it credited both by other prisoners and the by no means gullible post-office inspectors, that Anderson is a Swedish man of title whose real name is Von Teller. He testified at his trial that he was a graduate of the famous University of Upsala and that he spoke English, German, Spanish, Finnish, and one or two Scandinavian tongues besides his native Swedish.

In Auburn, Anderson taught Spanish in the prison school, while Chapman was librarian. Thus, the two men came into contact, and one undoubtedly influenced the other, turned him from the futility and weakness of the past into new directions or orientations. Which man was the leader and which the follower may be judged from the facts and from the comparative ages of the two, Anderson being Chapman's senior by seven or eight years.

Both Anderson and Chapman held themselves aloof from the common run of convicts in the big prison. They were not offensively haughty, but they selected their friends and kept their own counsel. Nevertheless, Chapman did talk to some of the men confined with him and gave more than one of the intelligent ones some sort of index to his ideas and plans at the time.

He had made up his mind to get on. He wanted to be superior, to belong to the better half of the world, to have luxuries and pleasures. To get these, he understood, required money. He was preparing himself to get this happy wherewithal. By what means he did not disclose.

HERE the second phase of the desperado is to be remarked. He had got over his early stupidity and ineffectualness. He meant to set a different course for himself in the future. So he went ahead, reading his books and thinking out some sort of philosophy of conduct. Those who were near him at the time report he evinced a great passion for study and some power of concentration.

So the years went by. In 1919 Anderson was released, and a few months later, toward the end of the year, Chapman also was discharged, having served seven years of his ten year term.

When the great gates of Auburn clanked open for these two men the third phase of Chapman's career began. He went to western New York State for a time. Then he migrated to Detroit, according to his own statements, which seem to be true. There he worked for a bootlegger or rum runner, who was bringing contraband liquor from Canada.

After some months Chapman branched out for himself, made a bit of money, got into touch with Anderson, who was located in Toledo, and was soon engaged, with Anderson, no doubt, in running liquor from Detroit into Toledo and other points.

In the spring of 1921 both men went to New York, where they continued their bootlegging activities. They were evidently prosperous and free with their money, the source of which at this time is just a little mysterious. Whether they got it from their liquor ventures, as they pretend, is not altogether certain, and some rather interesting suspicions attach to this matter and this period.

In any event, Chapman and Anderson were living the life of moneyed gentlemen in the blithe metropolis. They drove about in their own automobiles. They spent a great deal of time and no little money in the gay night-life places, and they made no effort whatever to hide or to disguise themselves, as the ex-convict is popularly supposed to do. Instead, they went about boldly, like men who had paid their score and were able to face the world.

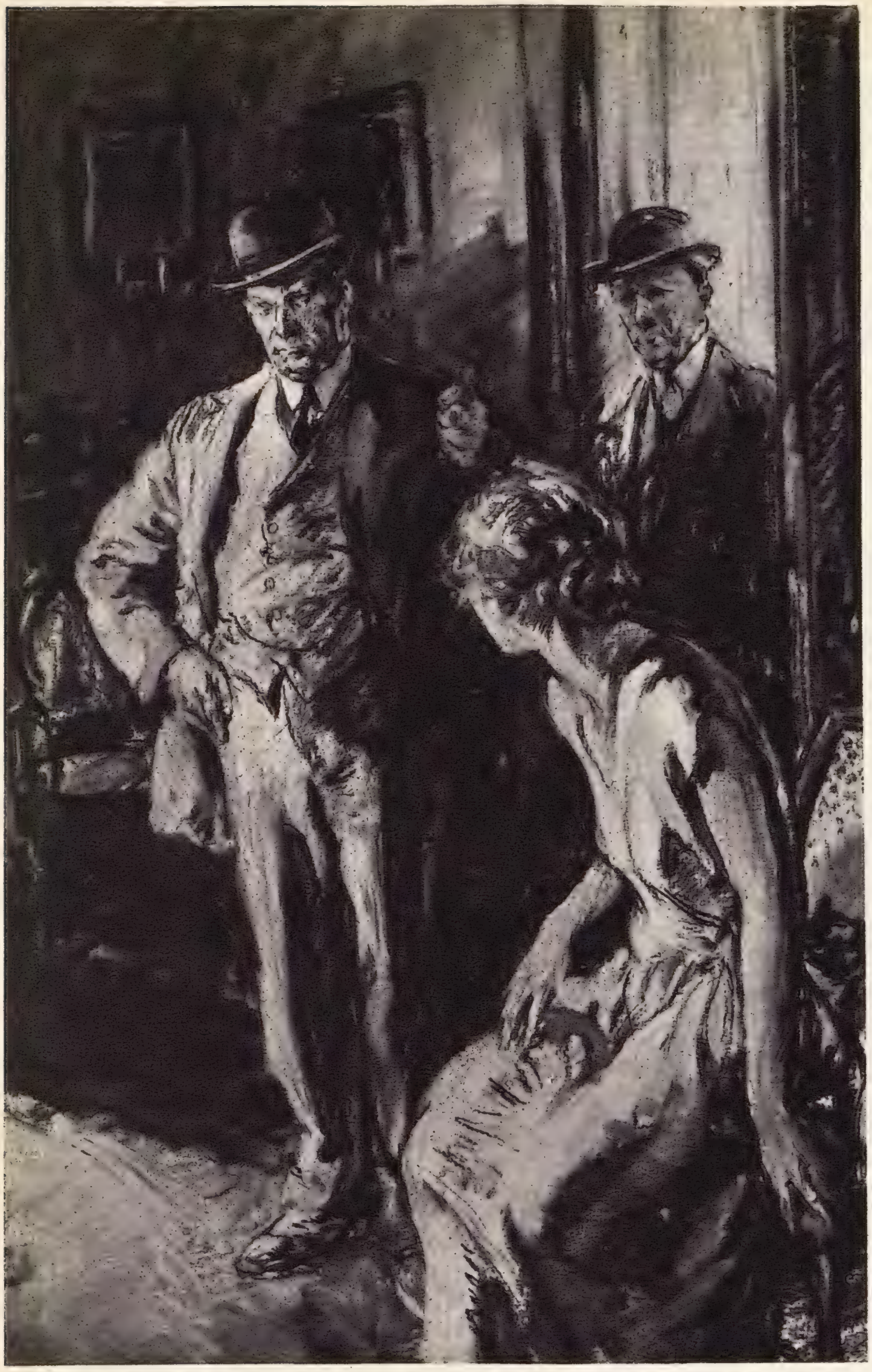
Since dealing in liquor is not very furtive and not touched with any specially deep stain in our chief cities and among the people with whom these men associated, there was, perhaps, no reason for any other attitude.

"What does this mean?" both women demanded in

Then came the Leonard Street holdup.

While Chapman and Anderson were paying their score in Auburn there had been among the others present one Charles Loeber, otherwise Lambert or Loerber, a New Yorker of foreign extraction who had won his way inside the walls by dint of complicity in a holdup.

Loeber met Anderson and Chapman in the lighted purlieus of Broadway. He was not, however, received as an equal or permitted to shine in the same exalted world with his well-



one voice. "You'll have to consider yourselves under arrest," said the leading detective.

dressed, immaculate, spending prison mates. He was simply an ex-con whom they had known and whom they tolerated.

As a matter of fact, Chapman turned this one-time prison mate into a personal servant and chauffeur. By the sheer power of his pose and personality, whose remarkable force and quality will have to be noted again, Chapman reduced to the menial rank a fellow citizen of a world in which there ought to be no distinctions.

In the same way Chapman won from others the admiring title, The Count. The law-abiding do not understand that there are just as many class distinctions and just as much snobbery in the underworld as anywhere else. Yet it is uncommon to find such discriminations among members of the same gang. Criminal confederates share the same risks and rewards, and they did this in the present case.

But when it came to his social life Chapman proved himself the snob of snobs. The uneducated, unpolished Loeber took his chance with the rest and got his part of the loot, but in the routine of life he was of another rank.

So it happened that any frequenter of Broadway in those happy days might have seen a fine closed car draw up before any one of the night-life resorts, with Loeber at the wheel as driver and Chapman in the rear with his guide, philosopher, and friend, Anderson. Loeber dismounted, bowed, opened the door and received his orders, while the two others entered the shrines of pleasure and amused themselves as gentlemen will.

One night someone brought Chapman and Anderson the great mail truck job, "ready-made," as the underworld says. By that I mean that the thing had already been partly studied, scouted, and prepared for. Chapman and Anderson were invited to join because the others did not have the courage to commit the deed alone. This was in the summer of 1921.

For the next three or more months Anderson, Chapman, and Loeber spent a great part of their time studying conditions at the old Post-office Building in lower Manhattan, by a sweet irony the same building in which they were later tried and convicted.

This building, as most visitors to New York know, is situated far downtown. In other days it was the main post office. Now it is referred to as the City Hall Station, while the main post office is located in the vast new building on Eighth Avenue between Thirty-first and Thirty-third Streets. Yet the old station has not lost its importance. It receives the mail from the great downtown business section of New York, probably the most valuable mail in the world. This mail must be carried to the uptown post office in motor wagons. Here was the point of attack.

TO one not familiar with the peculiarities of New York it may seem incredible that three men should try to hold up a mail truck in the moiling, traffic-choked streets of the greatest of cities. But these men understood their locale.

In downtown New York there is almost no resident population. When night comes the whole district is emptied as by some enormous suction. Broadway itself is silent and half-dark, visited by an occasional wanderer from a newspaper office or a musing patrolman. Street cars pass only at long intervals and other vehicles scarcely at all. The side streets are almost deserted at night. Here, to the plotters' minds, the scene for a great piece of banditry had been set by fate and circumstance.

They had but to study the movements of the trucks, to find out which carried the precious mail from Wall Street, the clearances of stocks and bonds from the great banking and brokerage houses, the shipments of metals and jewels from Maiden Lane, the great jewelry center, the forwardings of cash from the Federal Reserve Bank. Here was a loot to make absurd the great legendary bandits of old—the fellows who held up the gold trains from California, the Oriental Express carrying bullion to Constantinople, or the caravans of Haroun al Raschid.

Loeber, acting as chauffeur, and the two others as principals and gentlemen, went down into the silent business district night after night. They found that the truck they wanted, with heavy pouches of registered mail for all parts of the country, left the old post office at 10:20 o'clock every weekday night. They saw, too, that this treasure-laden wagon was unguarded, in charge of a single unarmed driver.

In the middle of October, 1921, Chapman, Anderson, and Loeber made their first try for the truck. But the man who drove it that night was going very fast. Before the truck could be overhauled it was too far uptown and the bandits gave up.

But on the night of October 24 the deed was done. The locked truck left the old post office on the minute of 10:20 in charge of

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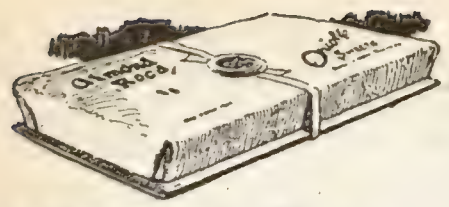

Almond Roca

—a description?

—quite impossible!

May as well sum up the Pacific in placid as Almond Roca in confection. The first you see—and feel! The second you taste—and enjoy! Description? — why spoil it? For a dollar and a half, a package of Almond Roca you may obtain—and your money back, if you conscientiously fail to pronounce it the most wonderful sweetmeat you ever tasted. You may not readily locate it (our distribution is not complete), in which case address us direct, including your dealer's name. Future requirements we shall endeavor to fill through him, and extend our appreciation for your initial kind indulgence.
* * * Brown & Haley,
Confectioners to the Elect,
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—a most extraordinary sweetmeat

Keep up the old pep with Beeman's —men on the road find its use

"a sensible habit"

BEEMAN'S

Pepsin Gum

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

Frank Havernack, Jr., a veteran driver, who carried the key to the doors in his pocket.

On Broadway, almost in the shadow of the City Hall, stood a high-powered sedan — Chapman and Anderson in the rear seat, Loeber at the wheel. The engine was running. There would be no mistake this time.

The sedan stood still till the truck had swept by. Chapman opened the left door and looked out to make certain of the license number of the mail wagon. It was the right number.

"Step on it!" he commanded, curtly, and the sedan was off in the wake of its prey.

Several blocks were covered with the lighter car hanging to the flanks of the big lorry. Then Chapman gave another command, at the same time opening the door of the sedan and swinging himself out on the running board. Closing the door behind him, he clung there while Loeber, watching his chance, put on speed and ran even with the lumbering truck.

ALMOST in the twinkling of an eye Chapman reached across, gained the running board of the truck, swung himself into the seat beside the driver, and pressed the muzzle of his long, black revolver against the ribs of the frightened truckman.

"Turn down to your left!" commanded Chapman. "If you make a false move I'll kill you."

Havernack turned into Leonard Street, where Chapman commanded him to bring his truck to a stop, half a block west of Broadway. Here, while Anderson took Chapman's place on the seat and kept the driver covered with his revolver, the other chief bandit took five sacks of registered mail from the lorry, threw them into the sedan, tied a mail pouch over the driver's head, and the deed was done. The whole job consumed two or three minutes.

According to the later statement of Loeber to the detectives, Chapman wanted to kill the driver, on the theory that dead men tell no tales. Anderson is said to have forced his confederate to give up that idea. So Havernack was left helpless on the seat of his vehicle till he could work off the pouch and free himself.

Long before Havernack was released the speeding sedan was out of sight. Loeber drove north a few blocks, crossed one of the East River bridges, and carried his pals and their loot out to an abandoned farm, the property of his uncle, about two miles from Lake Ronkonkoma, Long Island. They even had a breakdown on the way, but no one troubled them.

In an old stable on the farm the three bandits sat down about a smoky lantern, cut open the five pouches, and dumped out upon the mouldy earth the greatest loot ever taken by robbers in a single haul in this country—more than two million four hundred thousand dollars in bonds, stocks, cash, and jewelry. It took them three days to sort, count, and divide the loot. Then Anderson and Chapman went back to New York with their share, while Loeber buried his part, minus the Liberty bonds. With his swag he also placed in the earth two full quart bottles of nitroglycerin, enough to blow open the bank safes of a small State. Evidently this precious trio had other plans for the future. They were not long in carrying out some of them.

Later Loeber testified as to the division of the spoils, saying the loot was put into four piles, one of which was to go to mysterious persons "inside the post office," who had furnished the necessary information about the movement of the registered pouches.

It appears there was some inside coöperation and the investigators tell me the bandits promised their corrupted aides "a bit of money." Also, there were some hasty resignations from the postal service after the job, but these were accounted for on the ground of neglect rather than of guilt.

What probably happened, according to the post-office inspectors, is this: Someone inside was to get a certain amount for his assistance, but, after the job, the chase got so hot that he was afraid to have anything more to do with the bandits. So the three principals calmly cut the swag into three piles and let it go at that. Loeber testified to other matters which are known to be untrue.

LESS than six weeks afterward the bandits went to Niagara Falls and held up an American Express Company truck, taking four small safes, from which they removed about seventy thousand dollars' worth of money orders. Just why they committed this additional robbery so soon after their big job, and why they also committed several minor crimes at this time, is a puzzle.

Neither Chapman, Anderson, nor Loeber ran away or made any attempt to get out of the country after their huge robbery. Instead, they settled down quietly in New York, and Chapman, especially, devoted a part of his time to disposing of the stolen securities. This hardy gentleman bandit put himself up comfortably at the Hotel Vanderbilt, opened an account with a Wall Street brokerage house at its office in the Waldorf-Astoria, using some of the stolen bonds for this purpose. He also provided himself with an automobile of special design, costing about eight thousand dollars, while his friend Anderson had one quite as luxurious.

In other respects, however, a decided change had come over Anderson and Chapman. They no longer frequented the bright resorts where the bootlegger, the gangster, the gambler, the jewel robber, the half-caste actor, the sharper, the predatory women of the demi-world, and the indiscreet women of other spheres rub elbows and rival one another in audacity and display.

Instead, Chapman was to be seen in more quiet and sedate places—at the table d'hote restaurants in Greenwich Village, where artists, writers, and intellectuals foregather.

AFTER a while a girl appeared on the scene, very pretty, petite, black-haired, quite shy and modest, with a good deal of humor in her dark eyes and not a little personal charm. Those who were introduced to her learned that she was the gentleman's wife and that she had been in the West for a long time, visiting her relatives.

But while all this was going on the post-office inspectors and the detectives of the American Express Company were moving heaven and earth to run down the bandits. For a long time they made no progress. Then, one day, a woman who kept a rooming house presented a money order to a merchant, who cashed it without question. This order was found to be one of those stolen in the holdup at Niagara Falls.

The New York City detectives soon traced the order back to Loeber. They recognized him as an ex-convict and noted at once that this was a new kind of game for the fellow. Evidently, then, others must be associated with him. The proper course was to watch Loeber, in the hope he would lead the way to bigger game.

Here the detectives resorted to one of their special and typical tricks, of which much has been seen on the stage and in the popular novel, but of which the newspapers do not prate loudly—the stool pigeon. Loeber had been in Auburn. Excellent! The post-office inspectors had a man working with them who had been in that prison at the same time, a man who was trying to make a living without crime.

This ex-convict was placed so that he encountered Loeber, apparently by accident. Loeber did not suspect the trick, took the informer into his confidence, piloted him about town, entertained him, and "talked his head off." Among other things, he took the stool pigeon, whose name appears in the court records as Edward Rose, albeit his mother called him something else, for an automobile drive, showed him over the route of the Leonard Street holdup, and told him many details. Next he intrusted Rose with twenty-one thousand dollars' worth of bonds, from the great mail holdup, which

the latter was to "put down," or dispose of in some manner.

Post-office inspectors and city detectives had, meantime, been shadowing Loeber. They saw him meet Chapman and Anderson at or in a restaurant at the corner of Broadway and One Hundred and Second Street. These meetings were frequent. The inference was obvious, but the detectives held off the arrest as long as possible, hoping that further indiscretions might lead them to the stolen valuables.

Finally, on July 3, 1922, more than eight months after the holdup, the detectives were forced to close down on the trio. At two o'clock in the afternoon, just as Chapman and Loeber met outside the restaurant, they were seized by several officers, while others caught Anderson, who was lunching inside.

A few minutes later other officers forced their way into two apartments in the old and exclusive Gramercy Park section of the town, tenanted by successful artists and moneyed folks with dilettante leanings. Officers quickly found Anderson's bachelor place, from which were taken some large bank notes, a heavy revolver, an automatic pistol with a Maxim silencer, dies for changing the numbers of bonds, numbering machines, acids, erasers, treatises, and the like—all the paraphernalia of an alterer of securities.

AT the same time two strong detectives entered another apartment in Gramercy Park and went quietly to the apartment of Mr. George V. Colwell. A demure little woman, with dark eyes and shadowy hair, opened the door a few inches, and one of the detectives intruded the proverbial big foot.

"Officers of the law," he said, curtly. "Open the door!"

The woman fell back appalled, and the officers walked in to find her with a guest, another young woman from the West.

"What does this mean?" both women demanded in one voice.

"You'll have to consider yourselves under arrest," said the leading detective. "They'll explain the matter to you at the post office."

Here, without understanding, the police had stumbled upon the romance of Gerald Chapman's life, the woman he had loved with passionate devotion for years—the woman he still loves. He had met her in the West, presumably while he was in Toledo and Detroit. To her Chapman had displayed only the soft and alluring side of his complex and contradictory nature, the color of his personality which has beguiled many others—women and men. I shall have more to tell of their romance later. Chapman had not told her who or what he was, though she may have guessed. The arrest caught her unprepared and aghast. She was led, weeping, to the main post office, and here the drama of this day came to a thrilling climax.

In the expansive building the small army of post-office inspectors occupies a suite of about thirty offices, stretching along either side of a long corridor on the Thirty-first Street side on the third floor. Anderson and Chapman had been taken into one of these offices, Loeber into another, and the two women into a third.

One or two of the inspectors were convinced, after questioning the women for some hours, that they knew little or nothing and that they could not tell if they would. Chapman offered no hope, though his revolver, some dies and inks, and ninety-seven thousand dollars' worth of the stolen bonds had been found in his apartment. Anderson was still less likely to "squeal." He was an old-timer, used to the ways of the police and the law. After a while Anderson and Chapman were separated.

Still the questioning went on, hour after hour, through the long afternoon and into the hot, sticky evening. The day had been heavy and sultry, with the thermometer climbing up past ninety and the air full of vapors.

Mrs. Colwell, as the little dark-eyed girl who had been taken in Gramercy Park continued to call herself, had been complaining of exhaustion and faintness. Suddenly she dropped over in her chair, unconscious. One of the inspectors sprang up and ran for restoratives. He poked his head into the room where two inspectors were grilling Chapman and said someone had fainted. One of the inspectors got up and left the room to lend aid. Chapman was alone with a single officer. He, too, had been complaining of the heat and the closeness.

"Water! Water, please!" the captive bandit pleaded suddenly, sagging in his chair and turning up glazed eyes.

The inspector looked at him, arose quickly, and went to the other end of the room to the water cooler. He fumbled for a moment with the glass and the slow-running tap. Some twenty seconds went by. When he turned about with the filled glass in his hand Chapman was gone!

Chapman, ever one to take desperate chances, had leaped, catlike, from his chair, stepped up on a table, and vaulted out of the window, a hundred feet above the level of the street.

The startled inspector did not stop to look after the vanished robber. Instead he ran into the corridor and gave the alarm.

"Chapman's gone! Chapman's got away!" the cry went up and down the hall.

Inspectors and assistants were running with the news. Anderson heard it in the room where he was being grilled; Mrs. Colwell and her companion heard it. And, farther down the corridor, where Charlie Loeber was being hammered and toasted by a small squad of post-office police, the word came almost as quickly. Loeber straightened up with a strange expression spreading over his face—part delight, part terror.

In a few seconds another cry was heard:

"Close the doors! Lock the building!"

Now the hunt was on. Anderson and Loeber were chained to their chairs and handcuffed. Two inspectors were detailed to guard each of them and continue the questioning, while all the others rushed out to seek the missing bandit.

A GOOD deal has been made of what Chapman did in getting away on this occasion. The truth needs to be told at last. Outside the very high third floor windows of the post office, the floor on which are the inspectors' rooms, there is a great stone ledge, or coping, at least thirty inches wide, running completely around the big building. It was this coping which Chapman had reached when he went out the window. Once upon it he was really as safe as on the ordinary sidewalk, except for the fact that a misstep would have plunged him to certain death. But an agile young man does not step off a perch thirty inches wide.

Chapman merely walked along the coping in the pouring rain, reached the Thirty-first Street and Eighth Avenue corner of the building, and turned north. After proceeding a short distance he found an opened window and entered. He found himself in the dark and deserted office of one of the post-office staff. Outside, in the corridor, men were running back and forth. There was no chance to leave. Besides, Chapman heard the order given for the locking of all exits.

So he climbed up on top of a tall closet or filing cabinet and settled down there to wait for a turn of the luck. He was unarmed, and there was no way out unless chance should again interpose its helping hand. The man had not known where he was going when he vaulted out of that window. He had just taken another chance or gamble—the criminal's way.

For more than half an hour Chapman lay on top of his perch waiting. Meantime the search went on feverishly. And in the inspectors' rooms the questioning of the other captives was pressed without interruption.

Loeber, though he had told the story to Rose, the stool pigeon, and though he had convicted himself by intrusting twenty-one thousand dollars' worth of the bonds to this aid of the police, would admit nothing.

"You can convict me for possession of the bonds," Loeber kept repeating, "but you can't prove I had anything to do with the holdup."

THE inspectors still sat with Loeber as they had sat for six hours, alternately urging, pleading, threatening, trying all the arts of the policeman who wants a confession. At times some of their sallies seemed to penetrate to Loeber's weak points and he half opened his mouth to confess. But every time he recoiled. A look of terror came over his face and he clicked his teeth together like a trap.

The detectives, of course, were not slow in understanding what was in his mind. The fellow was dull and cowardly. He was ready enough to turn state's evidence and save himself, but his fear of Chapman held him back. Chapman had made him his cowering tool. As long as the chief bandit was on earth Loeber did not dare to tell. And now that Chapman had escaped there was all the more reason for caution. He would turn up out of a cloud and take a terrible vengeance on a squealer. So, Loeber was all the more silent.

Then, like a flash of fire from a masked battery, came the dramatic break. Running feet were heard. A cry rose in the corridor:

"We've got him! We've got Chapman cornered! This way!"

There was more scurrying of heavy feet.

Loeber sat up in his chair, his eyes shining with excitement.

"Your pal didn't make it this time," remarked an inspector, sarcastically.

"He'll shoot his way out," said Loeber, incautiously.

"With what?" demanded the inspector, with an ironic laugh. "If there's any shooting, our boys'll be doing it."

As if in answer to the taunt, the reports of heavy firing crashed into the silent room through the windows—bang, bang, bang, bang!

Loeber slumped down in his chair with a groan. So that was the end of the bandit. The law had been too strong for Gerald Chapman. He had been shot to death.

With Chapman out of the way, there was no longer any reason for foolish loyalty. Loeber threw up his manacled hands and made a complete confession. The same night he took the officers out to his uncle's abandoned farm at Lake Ronkonkoma and helped to dig up more than four hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of bonds.

Loeber had mistaken the backfiring of a motor truck in the post-office runway for the pistol shots to kill Chapman.

How did the bandits realize on this vast amount of loot? Each bond and security was numbered. How was the haul disposed of by the trio and their confederates? Read the answers to these questions in the second installment, to appear in next week's issue, entitled: "'Putting Down' the Loot."

TEMPTING CROQUETTES *from* LEFTOVERS

By ETHEL M. SOMERS

Ethel M. Somers, Ph.B., is a graduate of the Department of Home Economics, University of Chicago. She comes to Liberty after six years of teaching experience in both children's and adults' home economics classes. We hope her experience with foods will become yours and that you will bring your problems to her for solution by writing her in care of Liberty, inclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Above—Shaping the croquette mixture into cylinders.

At the left—The finished product, served with curled celery and radish rosebuds.

CROQUETTES are, perhaps, one of the most attractive methods of using up small quantities of left-over foods. A service platter piled with crispy, brown croquettes adorned with curled celery and radish rosebuds, is ever so tempting and palatable. Thus the cupful of left-over meat or vegetable is easily transformed into a distinguished rather than a commonplace product—via the croquette. Besides being a more interesting means of service, such leftovers are often even more delicious than the original.

Nor do they involve more work than the usual humdrum service of leftovers. Add the leftover, with seasonings, to the most appropriate sauce (see recipes); shape, coat, and fry the mixture, as pictured, and you will have a luncheon or supper accompaniment which will be both inviting and delightful. When you try using rather than merely disposing of the leftovers, you will find croquettes an excellent medium.

The tomato sauce foundation may be substituted for the white sauce in fish or meat croquettes, or the brown foundation in meat croquettes (particularly with lamb). White or tomato foundation may also be served over the croquettes, if thinned by adding an equal quantity of liquid.

Potato Croquettes

NOTE: These may be used as a foundation for various croquettes.

- 2 cups riced or mashed potato
- 1 tablespoon cream
- A few grains cayenne pepper
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon celery salt
- ½ teaspoon onion juice
- 1 tablespoon of chopped parsley
- 1 egg yolk or ½ egg

BEAT the cream into the riced potato. Add the remaining ingredients and beat the mixture until light and fluffy. Let it stand until cool and shape into balls, cylinders, or cones. Roll in finely ground, dried bread crumbs, then in egg (only slightly beaten), and crumbs again. Fry until the croquettes are a rich brown in hot, deep fat (375° F.). This temperature may also be tested by browning a one-half inch cube of bread in forty seconds. Drain on absorbent paper and serve hot.

Sauces for Croquettes

White Sauce Foundation

- 2 cups cream or milk
- ⅓ cup butter
- ½ cup flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- 1 teaspoon celery salt if desired

MELT the butter and remove it from the fire. Add the flour and seasonings and mix thoroughly. Gradually add the milk, stirring until a smooth paste is formed after each addition. Heat and stir constantly until a thick sauce is formed, at least ten minutes. Then cook over water for ten to fifteen minutes longer to insure thorough cooking.

Brown Sauce Foundation

- 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion
- 2 tablespoons butter
- ¼ cup flour
- 1 cup of meat stock or gravy

FRY the onion in the butter until savory but not browned. Remove and discard the onion; add the flour. Gradually add the seasoned meat stock or gravy, stirring until a smooth paste is formed. Heat the mixture and stir constantly until a thick sauce is formed, at least ten minutes. Then cook over water for ten to fifteen minutes.

Tomato Sauce Foundation

- 2½ tablespoons butter
- ¼ cup flour
- ¼ teaspoon onion juice if desired
- 1 to 2 tablespoons of chopped parsley
- 1 cup of sieved tomato, seasoned

PREPARE as for white sauce, using the tomato in place of the milk.

Fish Croquettes may be made by beating one cup of flaked fish into the hot potato mixture. Salmon, codfish, white fish, or trout are suitable for such use.

Meat Croquettes may be made by beating one cup of cold roast beef, corned beef, or any other left-over meat into the hot potato mixture.

Surprise Croquettes may be made by making a small cavity in the shaped potato mixture and filling it with creamed chicken, minced seasoned meat, creamed vegetable, or grated cheese. Close the open end of the croquette with a teaspoon or two of potato mixture and coat the croquette in crumbs, egg, and crumbs again. Proceed as for plain potato croquettes.

Chicken Croquettes

- 2½ cups chopped chicken
- ¼ teaspoon onion juice
- 2 tablespoons of lemon juice
- 1 tablespoon parsley

PREPARE the white sauce foundation in the quantity given. Add the flaked chicken and seasonings to the sauce. Cool the mixture thoroughly and shape into cones (chicken croquettes are commonly this shape, though cylinders are easier for the amateur to manage). Coat by rolling in crumbs, egg, and crumbs again. Fry in deep, hot fat at 375° F. Drain on paper and serve hot.

Vegetable Croquettes—Prepare the thick white sauce in the proportions given. Add two cups of cooked sliced celery, carrot pulp, peas, or cabbage (or any combination of these or other left-over vegetables which may be on hand). Cool the mixture and proceed as for other croquettes.

Fish Croquettes

- One-half of the white sauce foundation recipe
- 1¾ cups of flaked salmon, cod, or tuna fish
- A few grains of cayenne pepper
- 1 teaspoon lemon juice

PREPARE the white sauce and beat in the seasonings and fish. Cool, shape, coat, and fry as for other croquettes.

Lobster Croquettes

- One-half of the white sauce foundation recipe
- 2 cups lobster meat
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice

PREPARE the sauce, add the remaining ingredients, and proceed as for other croquettes.

Macaroni Croquettes

- One-half of the white sauce foundation recipe
- 2 cups cooked macaroni
- 1 egg, beaten
- 2 tablespoons butter
- ½ cup grated cheese if desired

PREPARE the thick sauce and add the other ingredients. Cool and proceed as for other croquettes.

Veal Croquettes

- One-half of the white sauce foundation recipe
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1 teaspoon of onion juice
- 2 cups minced veal
- ¼ cup mushrooms
- ½ cup of chopped ham if desired

PREPARE the foundation sauce, add the other ingredients, and let the mixture cool. Proceed as for other croquettes.

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A BEGGAR'S CHAUFFEUR Confesses

During the day the beggar was legless, propelling himself up and down Fifth Avenue and Broadway by his hands. At night he donned artificial limbs and became a man-about-town — a ringside patron of the midnight supper clubs.

By O. O. McINTYRE

Picture by EDWARD BUTLER

READERS of Liberty will remember a vivid short story by George Kibbe Turner, published in a recent issue, called The Street of the Forgotten Men. This had amazing things to say about the wealth of professional beggars and the dramatic quality of the double lives they sometimes lead. That Mr. Turner's fiction was founded upon fact is indicated by the narrative which follows — the story of a man who found himself, by chance, in the employ of one of the most remarkable of these parasites of charity.

THE Inside Story of One of New York's Strangest Characters — by Day, a Legless Mendicant, by Night, a Happily Married Beau Brummel Who Kept a Suite in an Aristocratic Hotel, Frequented the Supper Clubs, and Put by More Than $200 a Week in Savings

I FOUND Doyle, in a plum colored livery, manning a spick-and-span limousine for a resident of the perfumed *purlieu* of Park Avenue. He was natty, clean shaven, and resplendent from the shiny visor of his cap to the slickly polished elegance of his puttees.

Few would suspect that Doyle had a strange past. His was perhaps the oddest of all jobs in the world's greatest city—New York. For two years Doyle was chauffeur for a beggar.

During the day the beggar was legless, propelling himself up and down Fifth Avenue and Broadway by his hands as he sat on a four inch high platform. In front of him on the platform was his hat, into which hurrying and sympathetic pedestrians tossed coins.

At night he donned artificial limbs and became a man-about-town—a ringside patron of the midnight supper clubs and other haunts where the white lights beat their fiercest. Doyle was his man Friday who waited for him in the expensive motor car which carried him and his friends to the rounds of evening pleasures.

Doyle also served as a valet during odd hours at the gilded hotel where the beggar maintained a sumptuous suite.

But let Doyle tell his story:

"I was working as a garage mechanic in Astoria when I saw an ad in a New York newspaper calling for the services of a chauffeur. The address was that of a high-class hotel in the Thirty-fourth Street district. According to the ad, the guy also wanted the chauffeur to do a little valet duty on the side. It asked the applicants to write their qualifications.

"I did, and was told to call in the morning, between eight and nine. I stepped up to the information desk of the hotel, gave my name, and was told to go up to a certain suite. I was met at the door by a clean-cut young fellow wearing a lounging robe of silk.

"He had every appearance of a gentleman. The living room of his suite was furnished in grand style. There were fine pictures on the wall, expensive bric-a-brac, two elegant high standing lamps, a piano, leather chairs, and a divan over which was thrown a big black bearskin rug. The carpet was so thick it was like stepping on a cat.

"The guy told me he wanted me for double valet and chauffeur work. I was to press his clothes, shine his shoes, help him to dress, fix his bath, and to drive his car only at night. The pay was fifty dollars a week, and I was to get one meal a day—either luncheon or dinner —in the servants' quarters of the hotel.

"I accepted the job two days later and entered upon the strangest career I guess a fellow ever had. I don't know now why I held on to the job, except that I was fascinated by this employer. I am a self-respecting fellow, mar-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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ried, and have a family. I didn't tell my wife until two weeks before I quit the job just what kind of a man I was working for.

"It was arranged that I was to report for work every day at noon, because most of my evenings were taken up driving the car—which was one that cost around five thousand dollars.

"My first surprise was when I found my employer was legless. I found it out the end of the first week. Before that, his wife used to send me out of the house between six and seven, and when I returned my employer was always there.

"One evening I started out, and was gone about a half hour when I remembered that I had neglected to lay out his dinner suit. I had a key to the apartment, and opened the door. Imagine my surprise when I saw a legless figure, scantily clad, swinging the trunk of his body across the floor toward the bathroom on his hands. His shoulder development was marvelous. He turned as he heard the door click. 'Oh, it is you, is it, Doyle?' he said.

"Then he said he guessed I would be surprised to know he had lost his legs in a train accident in Italy. He said he was sensitive about being a cripple and didn't want me to know it until I got better acquainted with the job. 'You would have to know it some time,' he said, 'so it is all right.'

"He was emphatic that he did not want sympathy—and that guy was living on sympathy! —and, further, asked me never to refer to his misfortune again. It was several weeks before I knew he was a beggar, and this came about in a startling way.

"I HAD supposed all the time he was a rich man's son, or perhaps was living off the proceeds of a damage suit for his accident. His wife was a gentle, refined woman, and quite pretty, too. They were, so far as I know, a devoted couple.

"Well, I was going to work one morning, and decided to drop in the Public Library at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street, where I had a card. I selected a book and started out and down the steps. A parade was coming up the avenue and the crowds were thick.

"As I walked along I beheld a beggar propelling himself on a little roller platform. Coins were fairly raining in the hat in front of him. I picked a dime out of my pocket and started to toss it, along with the rest. I looked into the cripple's face, and at the same time he caught my eye. I saw then, for the first time, my employer was a beggar.

"I was so flabbergasted that I tossed the dime, anyway. He gave me a look that meant more than words that he didn't want me to recognize him. I passed on in a sort of daze. This parade was for a charitable cause, and I got the notion, somehow, that he was aiding the cause.

"Surely a guy I had seen many a night give a five dollar bill to carriage starters in front of restaurants didn't have to beg. Then I remembered how, when I took the money to the bank, it was mostly silver and done up in little sacks. It should have struck me as strange; but I was just learning the job, and it didn't.

"My first impulse was to go right down to his wife and resign—saying nothing to her. I liked her, and somehow didn't believe she knew. Then curiosity overcame me, and I decided to wait until that evening and see what he had to say. And, anyway, I wanted my dime back.

"I put out his dinner clothes on the bed as usual. He went out on an average of five nights a week—usually to dinner, then the play, and afterward to the supper clubs.

"I went out at my usual time that evening and returned to find him there. I was rather upset, but he didn't seem to be.

"'I saw you on the avenue today, Doyle,' he said.

"'Yes, sir,' I replied, and waited.

"'Well, I would rather you didn't know about my private affairs; but, so long as you do, it is your job to keep your mouth shut. As you see, I am a hopeless cripple. I have got to live.' And the tears came to his eyes. I couldn't help but feel mighty sorry for him. He told me he wanted me to stay with him. I had really learned to like him very much. He was always kind, giving me his old clothes and sending little presents to my wife.

"It was funny, the friends that guy had. I don't believe any of them knew he was a beggar, although he was taking a chance on being found out on the streets every day. We used to drop around, after people, at homes on West End Avenue, Central Park West, Madison Avenue, and other aristocratic addresses.

"He loved to entertain, and was always the host. I don't believe he ever got a letter. Once I heard him speak of his father to his wife. It was around Christmas time, and he was wondering what to send him as a gift. He finally selected a fine meerschaum pipe and a velvet smoking jacket. He had me drive to Philadelphia one Saturday afternoon, where he mailed the gifts; but I didn't see the address.

"Nearly every week I would decide to resign, but I just couldn't. This beggar leading such an unusual double life simply fascinated me. He got a strange 'kick' by helping other beggars and giving them money. I imagine he rather liked to feel a bit superior.

"Many evenings I have gone around with him while he talked to other beggars and gave them money. I learned a lot about begging in New York and other cities.

"There was Crying Mary, who hung out around the Times Building at night. She had control of her tear ducts and could cry whenever she felt like it. She was always begging for enough money to get her to her home in New Jersey. She had just lost her pocketbook.

"He told me Crying Mary was one of the best in the business and owned two apartment houses. He would always give her a dollar.

"Then there was a fellow they called Lavender Joe, who walked up and down Fifth Avenue holding a package of lavender. He said Lavender Joe had two sons in college and was worth a hundred thousand dollars.

"ONE of the most interesting beggars I met with my employer was Hoppity Dave, whose limbs were apparently all twisted up by rheumatism. He dragged himself around the streets of Harlem. After he got enough money he took himself and wife back to Greece. When he walked up the steamer gangway his legs were as straight as mine.

"I remember seeing a clipping on my employer's desk one day. It told of a character named Blue Pete who had powder burned cheeks and wore heavy black glasses. The story said it had been found he was not blind and, furthermore, he had twenty-one thousand dollars in the bank.

"One night, about midnight, we drove down to the East Side and parked the car a few blocks from Bleecker Street. Then he went over to a place called Beggars' Roost. All the guys there were professional beggars and met there at night. It was a sort of club. There were 'twisters' who could throw legs and arms out of joint, 'blisterers' who made sores on their arms with acid, and 'strappers' who strapped one arm to their side, so their coat sleeve would appear empty.

"My employer talked to them and then sent out to a neighborhood restaurant and ordered a big feed for all. He seemed to get a lot of pleasure out of it.

"He told me, going home, that those fellows were more deserving than a lot of big guys in Wall Street who robbed widows and orphans with fake stocks.

"'They take a nickel or a dime from folks,' he said, 'while the big guns take all.'

"I don't know exactly how much my employer made from begging, but I have a pretty fair idea. You see, I banked his money for him and saw the deposit slips.

"I kept a memorandum of one week's deposits. You see, he didn't always deposit all his money. He kept some out for current expenses. Here are the figures:

Monday	$47.30
Tuesday	54.00
Wednesday	31.75
Thursday	29.00
Friday	38.50
Saturday	74.00

"THAT'S a total of $274.55 for the week, which, I imagine, was just his savings and had nothing to do with his expenses. You see, Saturday was always his biggest day. For then the shoppers were out, and thousands of people were flush with their weekly pay envelopes. He always liked to celebrate on Saturday. Mondays and Tuesdays were the next best days, although I don't know why.

"He hated policemen. Every once in a while he would say to his wife: 'The bulls chased me off the avenue today.'

"His wardrobe was complete. He had seven suits of everyday clothes, a Tuxedo, and a full-dress suit, with a high silk hat. He had more than a dozen pairs of shoes and at least fifty shirts. He wore the finest silk underwear and hosiery, and was very fond of exclusive patterns in neckties, which he got from a tony Fifth Avenue haberdasher.

"He had charge accounts in many of the best stores, and I am quite sure he paid his bills promptly. Somehow or other, he never wanted bills sent to his hotel, and his wife would go out toward the end of the month and pay them in cash.

"He was among the first, if not the first, beggar to be well dressed. They all do it now, because a well-dressed man, it has been found, excites more sympathy asking for alms than a ragged person.

"When he rolled himself up and down the avenue he was better dressed than the majority. His clothes were well pressed. I attended to that. His linen was spotless and his hair slickly combed. He could get about with his artificial legs as well as those with natural ones. I never saw him dance, but I have heard he was one of the best in the dance clubs.

"I quit him two weeks before he was exposed. I heard that he blamed me for it, but I had nothing to do with it. I found I was losing my self-respect. And it irritated me, too, to see this fellow rolling in money, while I worked hard and got only fifty dollars a week.

"I think he rather expected exposure. For at times his wife and he would talk about what they would do when the 'blowoff came.'

"One morning a New York newspaper told the whole story: how he lived in a fine hotel, rode in limousines, was a man-about-town at night and a beggar by day. The last I heard of him was that he was living in luxury in Paris. He once told me that he couldn't live well in any other city but New York.

"'It's a sucker town,' he said. And I guess he proved it."

THE END

$50,000
FOR AN IDEA
for a Story Suitable for Liberty and for a Motion Picture

The Most Remarkable Offer of Its Kind Ever Made, Open to Everybody—Everywhere!

Have You Entered Liberty's Greatest Contest?

As announced three weeks ago, this weekly will pay $50,000 in cash for AN IDEA. The idea must suggest a story suitable for Liberty and for a motion picture. Liberty will publish the winning story. It will also be produced as a Paramount picture by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

As an aid to those who enter the contest Liberty has arranged with leading screen stars, directors, and others for a series of articles. These articles will tell what sort of ideas make the best motion pictures and stories. Be sure to read the rules printed below. No writing experience is necessary to accept Liberty's great offer. Tell your idea in your own way!

Here is Thomas Meighan's own idea of the best story for you to suggest in Liberty's epochal contest. Note Mr. Meighan's emphasis of stories of everyday life. You don't have to be an author to accept Liberty's big offer. All that's wanted is a STORY IDEA!

THOMAS MEIGHAN

By THOMAS MEIGHAN

One of the Most Widely Popular Men in the Films

I'M OLD-FASHIONED. The story I like best for motion pictures has to do with life in a small town where people are "folks." It seems to me there is more real drama in the affairs of a small town where people deal with fundamental things, where everybody knows everybody else, than in the shallow, artificial cross-currents of life in a great city.

Riding across the country from California to New York, I have often looked out the car window and speculated on the romance and tragedy written in every little cluster of buildings, in the groups of people waiting on the station platforms. George Ade and Booth Tarkington have done more than any other writers I know of to interpret these stories of American life. They seem to understand the psychology of the small town, the struggle for money and striving for happiness.

An original small-town story by George Ade gave me one of the best motion picture vehicles I ever had in "Back Home and Broke." It dealt with the career of a young man whose imagination clashed sharply with the practical, hard-headed business methods of the town. Nobody believed in his schemes—except his mother and a young girl whose faith led her to invest all her savings in his enterprises.

Then, suddenly, he made his big strike in distant oil fields, but instead of coming back to the little town with an air of prosperity and his pockets full of money, he pretended to come home broke. The bankers and prosperous money grabbers of the town wagged their heads and said, "I told you so." Only the girl and his mother retained their faith in him. And so, in unfolding the incidents of the story, Ade developed a rich background of people we all know and readily recognize.

Let me give a word of advice to contestants in Liberty's great contest. Look around you. No matter where you live, there is plenty of drama and romance and color in your neighborhood. The great American motion picture may be pieced together from little incidents in your own life and the seemingly commonplace lives of your neighbors. Search for it.

And remember that the best material for the screen is the story that can be told in pictures—movement, action, simple gestures.

Here Are the Rules of This Remarkable Contest

1. Liberty and the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation are seeking an idea for a thrilling story of love and action suitable for Liberty and for a Motion Picture. IT MUST BE CLEAN.

Liberty will pay $50,000.00 in Cash to the person or persons who submit the best suggestion in accordance with these rules.

2. The winning suggestion will be written into a novel and will be printed as a serial in Liberty. By special arrangements already made, it will also be produced as a Motion Picture by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and will be presented on the screen throughout the world as a Paramount Picture.

3. *In addition* to the $50,000.00 which will be paid for the winning story, Liberty will buy for cash at standard publishing rates any other stories selected by Liberty from those submitted; offers to be made to the authors of such stories before publication.

4. What is wanted is AN IDEA. Ability to write fiction is NOT NECESSARY. Liberty wishes to give this opportunity to everyone regardless of ability as a writer. Therefore, the offer is divided into two parts as follows:

Part One provides that you may submit your idea in brief synopsis form. For this synopsis you may use 2,500 words *or less*. By "synopsis" we mean, tell in your language the main features of the plot and describe the leading characters which take part in it—the hero, the heroine, the villain, etc. *For the best synopsis $25,000.00 in cash will be paid.*

Part Two provides that you may submit your idea in complete story form (ready for publication). For the complete story another $25,000.00 in Cash will be paid.

Everyone who submits a synopsis will be eligible for a prize of $25,000.00.

5. The words "SYNOPSIS FOR $50,000.00 PRIZE STORY" must be written plainly at the top of each synopsis submitted. If the complete story is also submitted the words "COMPLETE STORY" must be written at the top of the first story sheet *and a synopsis properly marked must be attached thereto.* (A synopsis must in all cases be sent.)

6. The winning idea will be selected from the synopses submitted and $25,000.00 (Part One) will be awarded for it. If the complete story shall have been sent with the synopsis that wins the prize and this complete story is acceptable to the Publishers of Liberty, another $25,000.00 (Part Two) will be paid for such complete story.

If the story sent with the winning synopsis is not acceptable to the Publishers of Liberty or if no story shall have been sent with the winning synopsis, the Publishers of Liberty will employ an experienced author to write the complete story and will award to such author the $25,000.00 (Part Two).

7. Upon payment by the Publishers of Liberty of the $25,000.00 (Part One) for the synopsis and / or the $25,000.00 (Part Two) for the complete story, the synopsis and the story and all rights to each and both of every kind and nature whatsoever, including the copyright therein and the right to secure copyright therein in all countries, shall become the absolute property of Liberty for use in any manner or for any purpose it may deem proper. The right is reserved to alter or revise the winning entry if necessary.

8. Through the arrangements made by Liberty with the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation—the largest producers and distributors of Motion Pictures in the world—many of the most popular stars are available to produce your story on the screen as a Paramount Picture. Note these: Gloria Swanson, Thomas Meighan, Pola Negri, Bebe Daniels, Richard Dix, Adolphe Menjou, Betty Bronson, Ricardo Cortez, and many others. And in addition such world-famous directors as D. W. Griffith, James Cruze, Herbert Brenon, Allan Dwan, Sidney Olcott, Irvin Willat, William de Mille, and others.

9. Liberty will also endeavor to make arrangements with the prominent theatrical producers—Chas. Frohman, Inc.—for the production of the winning story for the speaking stage.

Liberty will also endeavor to arrange with book publishers for the publication of the story in book form.

All royalties or other income received by Liberty from such speaking stage rights or book publication rights will be paid to the author of the synopsis and the author of the story. If two persons, such sums will be divided equally and an equal half share will be paid to each.

10. The synopsis and story must be one of love and action and must be the original thought and work of the contestant. *It must be clean!*

You've been to the movies. You know the kind of story you would like. Submit your idea. There are no restrictions.

Helpful suggestions will be published each week in Liberty as an aid to those who may wish assistance.

11. The judges will consider synopses and stories by the nature of the plot, the originality of thought, cleverness of idea, clearness of expression, form of presentation, and wording. Writing, English, and spelling will not count in judging synopses.

12. The Judges will be a Committee of three—one appointed by Liberty, another appointed by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, and the third an experienced author. Their decision on all matters will be final.

13. Contestants may submit as many synopses or as many stories as they wish, but each must be submitted in good faith. The name and address of the sender must be written plainly on each entry.

14. All entries must be addressed "Stories," care of Liberty, Post Office Box 1123, Chicago, Ill. To facilitate matters, ideas should be submitted AT ONCE! However, no entries will be received later than midnight, June 1st, 1925. Entries with insufficient postage will not be received. The publishers of Liberty will not be responsible for the loss, delay, or nondelivery of entries.

15. This offer is open to everybody, everywhere, except employees of Liberty and the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and their families. Acceptance of these rules is an express condition of each entry.

* * * * *

This offer is the largest of its kind ever made. It presents an opportunity to every person regardless of station in life. You do not have to be an experienced author to compete. Anyone may submit his or her ideas.

Because of the size and nature of the offer it is possible that the winner, in addition to receiving a huge cash prize, will become world-famous.

Ideas should be submitted at once. Do not wait! For further details watch Liberty from week to week. Helpful suggestions will be published weekly.

NEXT WEEK:

Pola Negri *declared by many to be the most fascinating woman on the screen, tells the kind of a story to write for her in Liberty's great contest. Don't miss her article!*

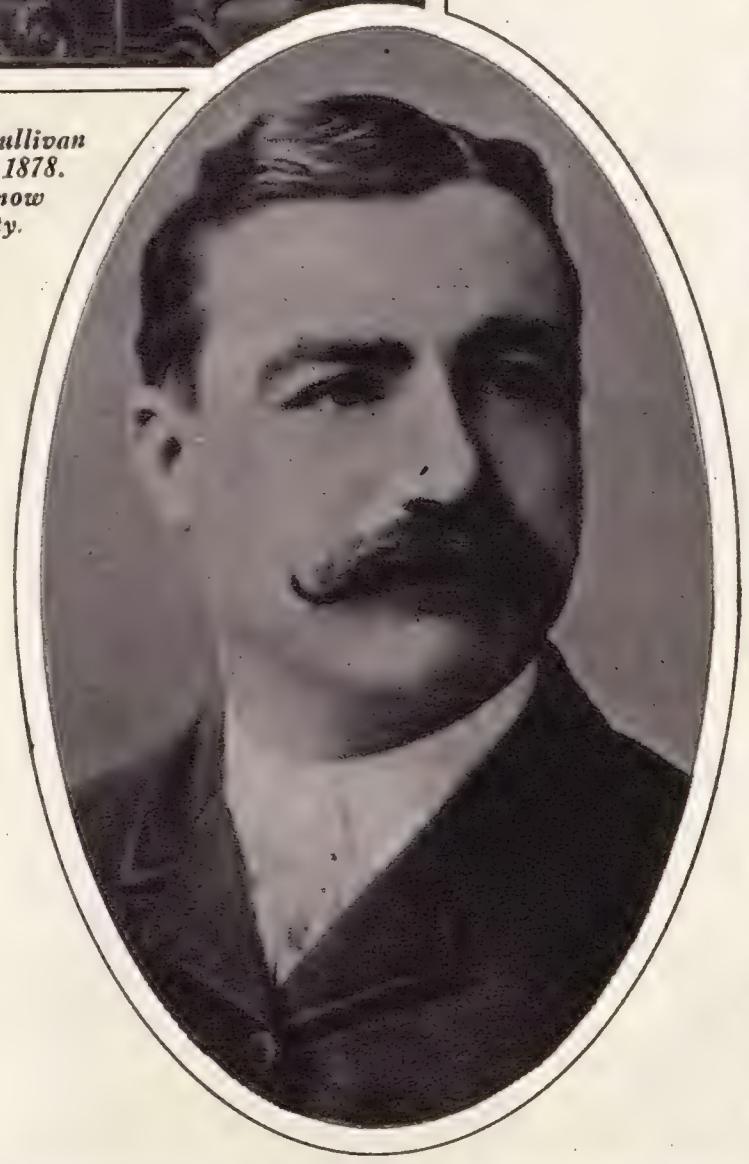
John L. Sullivan

By JOE DORNEY,

Sullivan's Press Agent and Theatrical Manager for Years,

and SID SUTHERLAND

Old Cockerill Hall, 287 Hanover Street, Boston, where Sullivan took part in his first professional prize fight, on March 6, 1878. The hall has changed hands many times since then and is now used as a sailors' rest by the Boston Seaman's Friend Society.



Billy Madden, the guide, counselor, and friend who piloted Sullivan for twelve years along the highway of fame to the top of the pugilistic world. He met the Roxbury Strong Boy when the latter started on his career and was his only close confidant during those early years.

THIS absorbing account of John L. Sullivan's long and eventful career is based upon Mr. Dorney's personal reminiscences of many years' association with the great fighter. Mr. Sutherland has collaborated with Mr. Dorney in transcribing his memories. In the first installment, published last week, the details of John L.'s school days were set down—a chronicle of indifferent grades in "readin', writin', and 'rithmetic," but glittering triumphs as a puncher of noses. At seventeen, having scandalized one academy after another, he gave up the business of education. This made his mother weep, for she had hoped to see him, some day, a bishop. But John's ambition was to become a plumber!

HIS SCHOOL days at an end, and his parents in despair, John apprenticed himself to the well-known firm of Moffat & Perry. His parents signed the papers which bound him to the job of journeyman plumber's assistant for three years at four dollars a week. As a helper his duty was to help the plumber forget his tools, and, when they were finally remembered, to go after them. He did both successfully for about a year, offsetting the monotony of forgetting and remembering and fetching and carrying by playing baseball and fighting such Roxbury youths as had failed to understand that he was king of the toughest town along the Atlantic seaboard.

By the time he was eighteen Sullivan had attained his full height, five feet ten and one-half inches, and weighed one hundred and seventy-five, only a few pounds less than he scaled at the pinnacle of his career. He was beautifully built, and so strong that strong men spoke of him in awe. They gave him his first nickname, the Roxbury Strong Boy, afterward altered by a nation that had never heard of Roxbury to the Boston Strong Boy.

In later years there grew up out of the mists of obscurity that enveloped his early days wild legends of his strength: how he could split oak panels with his fist or fell a horse with a punch; how he juggled kegs of nails and bent horseshoes straight, and how pins could not be stuck into his biceps, and how he would let blacksmiths break boulders on his chest with sledgehammers!

The journeyman he worked with seems never to have heard about all this, for on a dreadfully cold day in March of 1876 he decided to pick on John. They had gone to the old Williams market to thaw out some pipes. The journeyman sent young Sullivan to a store about a block away for a pail of hot water. It was so cold that the water was tepid by the time the half-frozen apprentice got back.

"Go back and get that bucket full of hot water!" the plumber roared.

"It's no use," Sullivan said. "The water'll be cold before I can get back. Let's boil some here."

"Go and get it, and don't give me any lip!" the other shouted.

Sullivan tried it twice more, and each time the water was cold. Then he balked. The journeyman swore violently, and finally slapped him. In a trice the wildest fight the old market had ever seen was under way. With a howl, the journeyman finally escaped, both eyes blackened and his nose broken. He left his tools and fled to the shop. John laughed, kicked the kit of tools up and down the aisle, and went home. Moffat & Perry could have sued his parents, but they tore up the contract and forgot it.

SULLIVAN then got a job as tinsmith's helper, and stuck to it for a year or so. In the evenings he boxed at neighborhood clubs, with his bare fists, if the gloves, then coming into favor, were not available. When he had a chance he attended the higher class clubs, where professional pugilists staged bouts which won only his contempt.

About the time he reached his nineteenth birthday he went one night, with a number of his satellites, to see a variety show at the old Dudley Street Opera House, just opposite the Dudley Street Terminal in Boston Highlands. One of the acts was the appearance of Jack Scannell, widely known as a bruiser of no little merit, in a boxing contest with his sparring partners. Following the exhibition, Scannell went down to the footlights.

"I'd be glad to put the gloves on with any man here for three rounds," he announced.

"Here's John L. Sullivan, up here. He can beat your head off!" cried somebody in the gallery. Sullivan got to his feet and told Scannell he would go on with him.

"Very well," the pug hollered up to him. "Come on down and get your medicine."

"You'll get yours, you big tramp!" the Roxbury gangsters yelled.

John climbed on the stage. He tossed his cap and coat on a chair and began to roll up his sleeves. Scannell took one look at the gray eyes, which seemed to be turning black, and at the massive forearms.

"I never box a man until he puts on tights," he said. "My assistant will find you a pair."

"Never mind the tights!" Sullivan roared. "I'm going to tear your head off. Give me those gloves."

Scannell tried to cop a sneak: while a stage hand was tying the final knot in the mittens on Sullivan's huge paws the boxer suddenly took a punch at him. It was the story of the journeyman told over. In less than thirty

The Life Story of "The Most Popular Man Who Ever Lived"

PART TWO

"The Boston Strong Boy"

seconds Sullivan worked Scannell toward the footlights and, with one terriffic drive to the chin, knocked him out into the orchestra pit.

Then the Roxbury gang went into action. They tore up the seats and hurled them at the stage; they started a dozen fights with ushers and men seated near by; and they rolled up and down the gallery aisles with the police reserves that answered the riot call.

THE gang, when it finally got out of jail, decided that John's destiny beckoned him toward the roped arena. In 1878 came the turning point in his life. About the 21st of February the Roxbury gang tumbled into his house one night with the glad tidings that they had arranged for him to meet a real professional pugilist in a real prize fight.

"Who is he?" John asked, his eyes darkening. Nowadays the boxer's first question is, "How much in it for me?"

"Cocky Woods," they told him. Cocky was a famous New England pug.

"Will he fight me?"

"Sure he will. You'll get fifty dollars if you win, and twenty-five dollars if he beats you. He says you can have two weeks to train."

"Fifty, eh?" said John, ignoring the loser's end. "I don't need two minutes to train to whip him or anybody else on earth. Where's the fight going to be?"

"At Cockerill Hall, over in Boston. But the promoter said you had to sell one hundred dollars' worth of tickets. We told him to fork 'em over. We'll sell 'em here in Roxbury, and then we'll all go over to Boston to watch you beat Cocky to death."

"You bet! And if I win as easy as I expect to I'll turn prize fighter. Why work as tinsmith if I can make that kind of money fighting—fifty dollars for one minute's fun?"

At six o'clock on the night of March 6, 1878, as near as John could remember it in later years, he started for Cockerill Hall, Number 287 Hanover Street. He was accompanied by some twenty members of his gang.

"Woods is a rough customer, John," one of them said. "He was matched to fight the Benecia Boy for the title a few years back, but Heenan died. He's a big guy, though, and——"

"Say, what do I care how big he is, or who he was going to fight?" Sullivan growled. "Let's go by Patsey Sheppard's saloon over on Washington Street. My credit's good there, and I'm going to bet that fifty dollars I win."

A little later the Roxbury bunch swarmed into Sheppard's famous sporting hangout. In a few moments Sullivan had bet the winner's end of his first purse with several men who knew of Woods' prowess, Patsey saying he would go good for John's wagers.

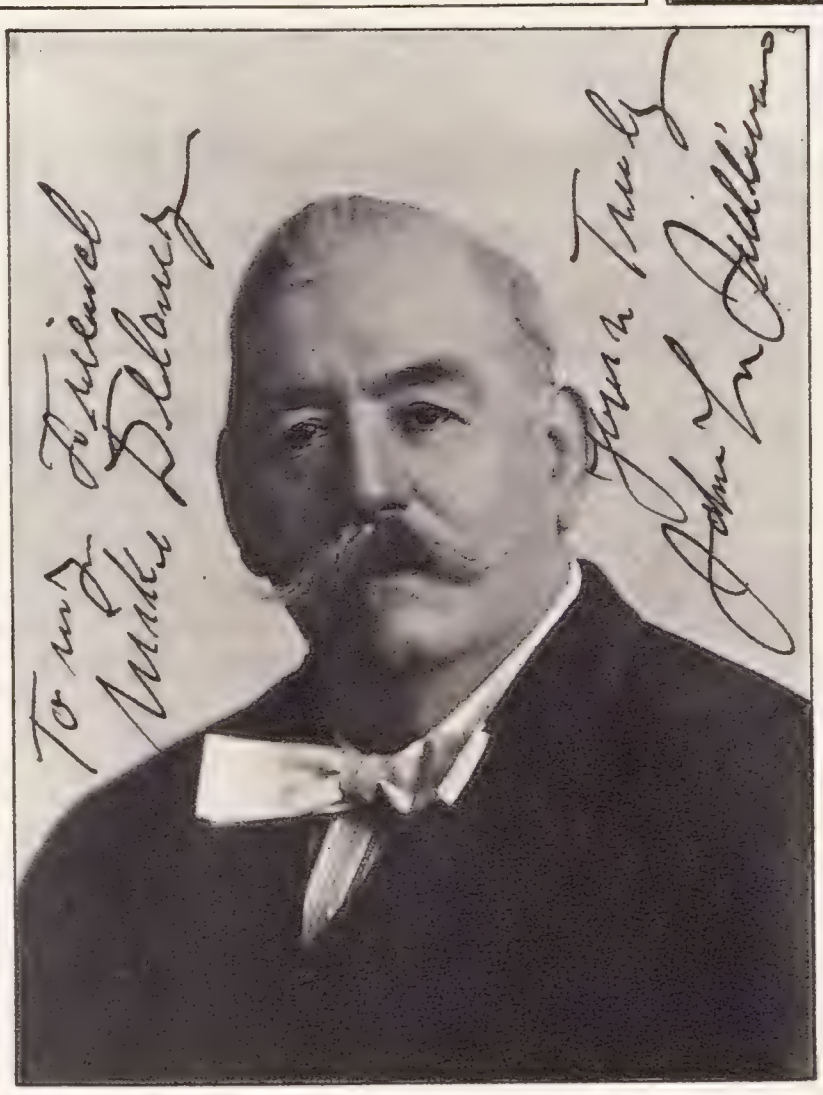
A HALF hour later John crawled through the ropes. The crowd stared at him. Never a large man, in fighting trim John L. nevertheless gave the impression of invincible hugeness. A great barrel-like chest arched from his heavy shoulders to a lean stomach, the sloping, ginger-ale-bottle shoulders and colossal arms seeming to belong to a man weighing two hundred and twenty-five. The secret of his one hundred and seventy-five pounds lay in his legs, slender and shapely, and fast and springy as a deer's.

"Six rounds, London Prize Ring rules," announced the master of ceremonies, as referees were called in those days. "The men have kid gloves on, so the law can't horn in on this party. You all know Cocky Woods, over in this corner. And over here is John L. Sullivan, known as the Roxbury Strong Boy, whatever that means. The rounds last till one falls or is put out of time. Make your bets, gents, and drink hearty to the winner."

A wild scream swept from the gallery as the big professional bruiser left his corner, arms extended in approved fashion, a heavy scowl being part of the arsenal with which he hoped to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

They never made 'em any tougher and more free from fear than John L. was. This photograph, taken when he was about nineteen years old, shows him as he looked when he knocked Jack Scannell wrong end foremost into the orchestra pit at the old Dudley Street Opera House.



As the Grandest Roman of Them All appeared in later life. In this picture, taken in 1910, you will notice that the champion's eyes look black, a strange circumstance explained in this installment.

PATSEY SHEPPARD,
766 Washington St., Boston.
"THE CHAMPION'S REST."
Splendid Gallery of Colored Racing Pictures and Photographs of Sporting Celebrities
BEST OF CIGARS AND LIQUORS

Patsey Sheppard, in whose saloon Sullivan's credit was good, even before he fought his first professional fight. Large sums were wagered in Patsey's saloon every time the "Roxbury Strong Boy" faced a ring opponent.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

annihilate the young upstart bounding across the bare boards toward him.

It was a massacre! Disdaining to spar a single moment in order to feel out his man, John L. was a tornado that smote the other with a fearsome crash. Muttering like a wild beast, he smashed with his left, saw it parried, and drove with his right. It landed point-blank in Cocky's face, crushing his nose and knocking him flat.

The throng sat dumfounded. The first round had lasted exactly ten seconds! Cocky's aids carried him to his corner, bleeding like a severed jugular vein.

At the end of the half minute he arose, tottered forward, both eyes closed, arms instinctively crossed before his face, and in fifteen seconds Cocky Woods became immortal in prize-ring lore as the first man John L. Sullivan knocked out. A long, raking left to the pit of the stomach, to bring the arms down, and a savage right hook to the side of the chin, and Cocky telescoped like a wet newspaper page.

In the midst of mad tumult in the gallery "Sully" strode to the edge of the stage and lifted his hand for silence.

"My name is John L. Sullivan, from Roxbury. I can whip any man in the house, or in the world. I'm a fighter now, and I'm going to be champion. And let me tell you something: I'll always be on the level as long as I live. So bet your heads off any time I start."

He rejoined his mob in the street, showed them the fifty dollars the dazed promoter had given him, and led the way to Sheppard's. Patsey handed him his winnings, and he bought a drink for the house.

There was a genuine ovation when John strode into the dance hall. Dozens of Irish girls exploited what fascinations they could mobilize for the Roxbury hero, but he marched straight across the floor to a black-haired, gray-eyed girl talking to several youths.

"Katie," he said, extending his hand, "I just won my first fight in the ring! Let's dance."

THE girl was Catherine Harkins, daughter of a Sharon real estate dealer in modest circumstances. John had met her the year before, and she had taken a place in his heart that no other woman ever was to usurp. That she usurped the leader of the district's hardest denizens she never made any effort to deny; but she had tried in vain to persuade him to plan some other career than prize fighting.

It is not to be understood that any effort is being made to paint her the fine lily who shrank from the ordinary conduct of the man she loved or who wished to reform him. She was the daughter of generations of hard-working, hard-fighting, hard-drinking Irish folk, and she saw nothing in that trio of traits to frown upon.

But she did wish greater certainty of comfort and happiness than she was able to foresee as the wife of a prize fighter. They loved violently, and quarreled with equal fervor.

And when the romance that dwelt within the bud for so long—thirty-two years she waited—finally blossomed and their dream was realized, as shall be recounted presently, it may be that in the middle-age kiss of reunion the regrets of three decades of forfeited youth were forgotten. At any rate, John made for her the greatest sacrifice a true Irishman can make—he bade farewell to his church. And Katie, walking down the path that leads from the summit of a woman's life toward the valley of old age and the tomb, also stepped aside among the brambles and onto the sharp stones that line the only highway her confessor countenanced.

The sod lies still above them now; and, unmolested, too, it rests over the body of the other woman, the woman who stole John from Katie's arms; but if the three made mistakes most of them were forgiven before the final sign of the cross was made above their rigid, white faces. And which of us is so free from sin and error that he can plumb the bottomless well of his own thoughts and find there courage to censure someone else?

Katie will walk back into the picture in due time.

"LET'S get up another fight," was the suggestion John made a month or so later to Billy Mahoney, sportsman, ex-fighter, and good fellow who ran a saloon at Number 17 La Grange Street.

"Sure. Any preference as to who you meet?" said Billy.

"I got a preference, but I guess he won't fight me—Joe Goss, the champion. Meantime, get Danny Dwyer for me."

"Danny's a hard proposition for a beginner to meet. But we'll see. Just now I want you to meet a friend of mine. Come over here."

Destiny is a whimsical cuss about bringing together people who are to change the course of each other's lives. Mahoney led Sullivan to a little chap about twenty-eight years of age.

"Billy," said the saloonkeeper, "I want you to meet the future heavyweight champion. At least, he says he's going to be; and if he don't know, who does? This is John L. Sullivan, known as the Roxbury Strong Boy. He put Cocky Woods out of time the other night with three punches. He wants to fight Danny Dwyer now. John, this is Billy Madden, one of the best lightweights that ever gargled his throat with bourbon. He'd be champion right now if he could get Arthur Chambers to fight him."

The two men eyed each other.

"What makes you think you're a pugilist?" Madden asked. "Just because you whipped Woods?"

"Not just that. I can whip any man on earth in a rough and tumble. With just a little training with a good boxer I can beat Goss."

The promoter at Revere Hall, in Bowdoin Square, was prevailed on to match Sullivan with the hard citizen, Dwyer. He made the Roxbury bunch sell one hundred and fifty dollars' worth of tickets, no inconsiderable sum in those days. The date was set for early May, and it was publicly announced that the fight, which was to be bare knuckles, would take place in Cockerill Hall, a ruse to deceive the police, since contests with the "bare uns," as gloveless fights were called, were forbidden.

There was nothing to it! Madden was as astonished by the Roxbury terror's savagery as the gallery gods were delighted. Dwyer opened hostilities with a clever feint and a hard wallop to the chin, but Sullivan shook it off and lashed out with such speed and power that the other's guard was futile. Dwyer went down twice in less than a minute, and was stopped cold in the third by a right that almost knocked his Adam's apple through his neck.

"Hurray for the champion of Massachusetts!" yelled the gang upstairs, for Dwyer had enjoyed that title.

Madden met Sullivan the next day at Keenan's bar. Keenan was to be one of John L.'s stanchest and wealthiest backers in later years.

"You're good, all right," Madden said. "But you're crude as a shanty goat. A real boxer would slice you to pieces, although you'd probably wear him out and win. Well, I'll box with you a few times; and then we'll get you a bout with Tommy Chandler. He's better than these men you've licked."

After fleeing from the police on two occasions, they met in August, and, although Chandler kept him off for two rounds of about three minutes each, he, too, succumbed before the pitiless, irresistible fighting force that Sullivan was. Chandler afterward moved to Chicago and opened a boxing school over the old Open Board of Trade. He reaped a harvest betting on John L. when the latter went there for several of his most sensational battles.

This third conquest gave the Big Fellow a monopoly on fistic honors in New England. His wild escapades began to give him an even more prominent place in the police court news. Keenan gave him a large St. Bernard dog, which he took everywhere. He would lift the enormous animal to the top of a bar, feed him raw eggs while he drank his own ale, his only tipple at the time, and trained him to eat dollar bills dipped in soup from the free lunch counter. He called his pet the Roxbury Savings Bank and swore he would teach him to pay interest on deposits. Strangers sometimes protested at the sight of the big beast sitting on his haunches up there, but these objections were only invitations to quick trouble and lots of it.

"So you don't like my dog being up on the bar?" John would roar before the bartenders, who feared his dangerous caprices, could warn the customers. "Well, just for that, you're going to walk up and kiss him."

OFTEN there was a fight, or, rather, the commencement of one; but they ended by the powerful Roxbury fighter's dragging the sadly battered customer up to the dog, which would lick the blood off his face.

There came another milestone in Sullivan's progress. The great Mike Donovan, the old veteran who often put President Roosevelt through his paces in the White House and who was trainer for the New York Athletic Club for many years, came to Boston for a benefit his admirers were giving him. Purses were small in those heroic days, fighters of today unfit to lace John L.'s shoes receiving more for a bum semi-windup than Sullivan got for many of his epic contests, and great benefits for prominent sporting characters were the vogue.

Madden and Mahoney saw a chance to have some fun. They sent for John.

"Mike Donovan," they told him, "is appearing for a week at the Howard Athenæum at a benefit we're giving him. He's only a light heavy, but, if you want to go on with him, he's clever enough to offset your weight. Mike'll get most of the gate, of course, but you can make something for yourself by betting he can't put you out."

"Fine!" ejaculated Sullivan. "I'll do better than that: I'll bet you two or anybody else all I've got that I stop him."

Mahoney and Madden looked at each other. They shook their heads, but agreed to introduce John to Mike. Donovan often told about that famous meeting and the bout that brought Sullivan's name before the country for the first time.

In the third absorbing installment, in next week's issue, you'll be told, among other things, of the whirlwind contest that John L. and Mike Donovan put on; of what "Sully" did to Joe Goss, world's champion; of the hardest fight of Sullivan's life, in a saloon, and, finally, of his invasion of New York.

Spring Training

There's a New Kind of Player, and a New Way of Getting Ready for the Season, in Baseball!

By HUGH FULLERTON

P. & A. Photo.

Al Schacht and Nick Altrock, clowns of the diamond, on parade with a bunch of "knothole club" boys at Tampa during training days. "Knothole clubs" have been organized in many of the big league cities.

No, it isn't Mr. Nurmi—it's Babe Ruth himself, training off some surplus avoirdupois at Hot Springs.

International Photo

THIS IS the season of the year when the Bushers, press agented all winter as Second Sislers, Collinses, Vances, or Johnsons, look over the record book to see whether Tuskegee is in the Western or Texas league or whether Muskegon or Marshalltown is the better baseball town. It is the time when the veterans harness their charlie horses and hope their old salary wings will last another year.

The spring training season is about over. The sixteen major league clubs took about seven hundred and fifty players and recruits South or to the Southwest for training, of which about half were the regulars—veterans sure of their jobs as long as legs and arms last, about one-third prospects discovered by scouts scouring the colleges and small leagues, and the remainder volunteers who made the training trip, filled in practice games, and hoped—faintly hoped—to make good.

Of the army of training camp recruits already half have been scattered to the ends of the country with minor league clubs. Of those who remain the majority will be placed with smaller clubs within a few weeks—and, by July, when the season is settled down for the long fight to the pennants, few over a score of the rookies will be with us as replacements for the worn-out veterans. The replacements this year will be somewhat more than the average. Some of the veterans are wearing out and retiring, making more vacancies for the youngsters. The scouting, too, appears to have been more successful, and a few new names will appear regularly in the lineups.

The preparatory season is about over. The grind of the season is at hand; the time of daily battle on the diamond, the merry-go-round of sleepers and hotels approaches.

What Clubs Will Win in 1925?

DOPING baseball for 1925 before the start of the season is parlous work. Every team in the two major leagues has one or more positions needing strengthening. Several of the older clubs are losing in power. Untried youngsters will occupy regular positions on several clubs. I never have seen an American League race in which the strength of the eight clubs was so unevenly distributed. The discovery of one efficient pitcher, a run of hard luck, might turn the race upside down. The National League appears to have four much strengthened clubs and four mediocre teams.

Placing Washington fifth in the American League may surprise some, but the Senators belong there on "dope" strength. The Athletics, with their newly acquired pitching strength, now lead the World's Champions. Washington "doped" fourth last year, played way over their heads and had the breaks. They cannot be figured to repeat, and Detroit really has the best chance to beat the Yankees.

The "dope" strengths of the teams before the season are:

AMERICAN	NATIONAL
New York	*New York*
Detroit	*Pittsburgh*
St. Louis	*Chicago*
Philadelphia	*Brooklyn*
Washington	*Cincinnati*
Chicago	*St. Louis*
Cleveland	*Boston*
Boston	*Philadelphia*

Paste this in your hat and write to me on October 10, when the season ends.

According to the training camp reports, the condition of the teams is better than ever. That report is customary each spring, unless some team has had unusually bad weather, in which case the reports of their bad condition are exaggerated. The fact remains, however, that in the progress of baseball, commercially and otherwise, the teams ARE in better physical condition at the end of the training season than they used to be.

The attitude of the old-timer toward baseball was different from that of the new generation. In our day we did not consider baseball as a profession. Everyone figured upon playing a few years, having all the fun possible, and then settling down to some steady work, like brick-laying. The much complained of "commercialism," which is blamed for most of the evils which have befallen baseball, should be credited with having done some good. And perhaps the greatest credit arises from the fact that nowadays, unless weather or accidents prevent, the teams start playing real baseball at least a month earlier than the old ones did.

THE modern player, inspired by big salaries and bigger prizes, has come to regard baseball playing as a life calling and endeavors to conserve his powers, train his muscles, and save his arm.

The principal difference, however, between the modern and the old-time player is that today nearly every player reports to his team at the start of training in good physical condition. Players have discovered it is easier to keep in condition than to work back after letting themselves get out.

There is one noticeable thing in spring training camps—that is the veteran players whose careers are nearing an end work harder and more than the youngsters do.

Ball players, almost without exception, dis-

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like spring training. I often suspect most of those who hold out really are merely making an excuse to avoid spring training. The first four days of training are hard—a period of aches, pains, groans, and profanity. The first day of real work after a winter of idleness brings sore muscles, sore arms, aching feet and legs. The next day a procession of lame and halt athletes limps to the ball park, and with gritted teeth the players "work it out," running, throwing, exercising, until the muscles begin to respond, and gradually the soreness and stiffness wear away.

THE player of today has proved it is possible for a properly conditioned man to maintain playing condition through the entire season if he can avoid injuries. There is, naturally, constant argument over this point, and the fact that the up-to-date players are out of games four times as much because of injuries as the old-timers were is brought to bear to prove the latter-day players cannot keep in condition.

The fact is that the old-timer was a strong, rugged, powerful athlete. The modern player is built more on speed lines. The strain of playing today is greater than it used to be.

But the principal reason is that the athletes today are more valuable—to their clubs and to themselves. The managers object to having them play until they recover from their injuries for fear of losing their services. The men are willing to stop after a slight injury. The old-timer who stuck a quid of tobacco over a spike wound and kept on playing may have shown his gameness, but he did not help his club.

Training methods have changed entirely and are becoming systematized, although some individuals insist upon their own variations. Ty Cobb, for instance, now takes perfect care of himself, studies his diet, exercise, and condition, especially of his legs and his weakened throwing arm. His system is more or less evolved from his own experiences.

Old-timers criticize the modern teams for one thing: they seldom talk baseball off the field. In the old days the whole team got together and fought out the games, play by play, for hours every evening. We did not understand relaxation.

There is one good laugh this spring: Eddie Collins went to training camp. Being the new manager of the White Sox, he is taking practically his first spring training. True, he did train with the team when he was young, but for years he has dodged the spring trip, reporting late by arrangement. Collins is one of those fortunate and brainy fellows who gets into condition in a few days because he never permits himself to get out of shape. He exercises all winter, watches his diet carefully, plays light gymnasium games, hunts, and walks.

This spring, being manager, Collins had to go, and that wasn't as hard as it was to tell other players they should report early.

The day in the life of the modern player in training camp consists of a call at eight or eight-thirty, a leisurely breakfast, the perusal of the morning papers, and a discussion of—well, perhaps the stock market outlook and land values. In the old days a player took the paper, opened it with a grim expression, remarking, "If dat guy didn't gimme a base hit on dat one I'll crown him." He looked at the box score, pointing with one battered finger across the line, and either started to whip a reporter or buy him a drink.

In the morning the modern players motor to the country club and play golf, although with the majority of teams there is skull practice—a discussion of plays and strategy, with the manager acting as professor. After luncheon the players retire to their rooms, dress themselves, while those who have bruises or scratches send for the trainer. The pitchers indulge in a light massage of the shoulder. Then they jog or motor to the ball park, hurl for a time, play a few innings of baseball under the watchful eye of manager and coaches, and, after shower, rubdown, examination by trainers, relax, dress for dinner, and are ready for an evening of dancing or cards.

Of course, some of the boys still have sandpaper necks and have to be broken in to that sort of life. Babe Ruth has finally worked up to the golf and dancing stage, and his training methods are rather a mixture of the old and the new.

Babe is one of those players with a natural inclination toward adipose—and there is nothing harder than fighting fat. Babe's mode of life, prior to the Great Reformation, was careless, and increased the fatty tendency.

Ruth was one of the most careless of trainers until about three years ago, when he suddenly realized he was in danger of losing his standing at the head of his profession through lack of physical condition. Being the most valuable piece of live stock in the business, Ruth adopted new methods. I do not recommend Babe's training methods to anyone else, as they are strenuous enough to kill the average fellow.

He strives to keep close to condition by working outdoors in winter on his farm at Sudbury, Massachusetts, but even wood-chopping, sawing, and farm work fail to keep down the fat. So, usually early in February, Babe goes to Hot Springs, Arkansas, and starts training. He takes the baths, golfs, walks, rides, and in the evenings he dances down two or three relays of partners. By the time the other players arrive he has reduced weight. His course is very strenuous, and two springs he has suffered severe attacks of illness, chiefly the result of too strenuous work.

THERE are two fallacies about ball players—that they are paid enormous salaries and that they spend money lavishly. The average salary of ball players is much smaller than is supposed. The stars, naturally, are paid huge salaries, but the average player receives something under five thousand dollars for his season's work. Oddly enough, the increases in salaries have not increased spending, and the "thin dime" still is a favorite tip among players. The old-timers, who received little, spent all their earnings. Today players save, and but few of them waste money.

Clubs training in California usually start homeward in magnificent condition, but the long ride, the playing on sand diamonds en route home, and the change of climate have wrecked many a club during the early seasons.

The recent move of many of the teams to establish permanent training camps in Florida has been the result. Brooklyn, Washington, Cincinnati, and Cleveland have picked permanent places to train, and before another year ten of the clubs will go to Florida towns.

Starting a season in condition to play real ball has become more and more important. With the big gate receipts and salaries, the huge world's series prizes, the incentive to train properly has increased. No team can take a chance on a bad start in the race, nor can an individual afford to wait for June to get into his best shape. The baseball loving public has benefited.

PLAY BALL!

THE END

Tris Speaker, at Lakeland Park, Florida, busting 'em out in batting practice this spring.

P. & A. Photo.

P. & A. Photo.

The Giants at play with the medicine ball at the training camp, the while a small gallery of young fans looks on in rapture.

Lieutenant Nolan (Edward Hearn) bids Anne Bissell (Pauline Starke) farewell before starting upon his lifelong banishment.

The Man Without a Country serves a gun when his cruiser-prison is assailed.

The Man Without a Country

A Motion Picture Review by
ALVA TAYLOR

Story by Edward Everett Hale
Directed by Rowland V. Lee
Produced by Fox

THE CAST:

Lieutenant Nolan	*Edward Hearn*
Anne Bissell	*Pauline Starke*
Mrs. Nolan	*Lucy Beaumont*
Aaron Burr	*Richard Tucker*
Lieutenant Riddle	*Earle Metcalf*
Lieutenant Harper	*Edward Coxen*
Colonel Morgan	*Francis Powers*
Peter	*Harvey Clark*
Captain Shaw	*William Walling*
Captain Kearney	*Edward Piel*
Admiral Decatur	*Edward Martindel*
Captain Danforth	*William Conklin*
President Jefferson	*Albert Hart*
President Monroe	*Emmett King*
President Lincoln	*George Billings*
Mrs. Burke	*Pauline Neff*
A Privateer	*Fred Becker*

IN FILMING Edward Everett Hale's famous story of The Man Without a Country, Mr. Fox has given a most vivid motion picture drama. This gripping story has been filmed before, but in this production Mr. Fox has done the utmost with this unsurpassed screen material and its patriotic appeal.

Mr. Fox has done the picture in a way which is a credit to the cinema art. For it has not only the fine spirit of patriotism which the book breathes, but it is a magnificent film drama full of action, suspense, and thrills.

Every care has been taken to make this film authentic and historically faultless. As other noteworthy cinema contributions to American history have done, this picture will give to those who see it a vivid pictorial idea of things that have gone on in the past in this country.

Although Mr. Hale's story is a pure piece of fiction as far as the main character and the principal incident are concerned, he has woven together the dramatic threads of the tale with bits of American history, and introduced such well-known figures of history as Aaron Burr, Admiral Decatur, and several Presidents of the United States. Mr. Fox has added President Lincoln to fill out the story. All of these historical incidents have been carefully studied by the producers and faithfully presented.

All school children and grown-ups, too, know the story of Philip Nolan, who in a fit of youthful impassioned temper during a court martial proceeding, made the remark, "Damn the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!" He never did. His punishment was to sail the seas for the remainder of his life, fifty-six years, to be transferred from one ship to another, never to hear one word about the country he denounced, forever to be a man without a country.

The fact that a sweetheart and a mother have been introduced into the story to give the necessary romance for a complete drama did not cause any distress to me. Mr. Hale did not add them to his story because it was a short, simple story written as a campaign document. The concession to romance was not needed.

But in an elaborate piece of drama the love element demands a place. There is no reason to suppose that a young man like Philip Nolan should not have had a sweetheart and a mother.

Pauline Starke is this sweetheart, Anne Bissell, the young girl Nolan left behind him when he went to his floating prisons. During the fifty-six years which Nolan sails about, Anne goes to one President after another asking a pardon for the man without a country. She finally gets it from President Lincoln. It reaches Nolan just before he dies. This is not in the original, as Philip Nolan never got his pardon. But it is not an inartistic ending.

Anne dies as soon as she has completed her life work, which is gaining Philip's freedom.

Edward Hearn was a good choice to play Nolan. He does the impetuous youth well, and branches out into old age convincingly.

The episodes of the battle at sea during the War of 1812, in which Nolan conducts himself so heroically that he is mentioned in the dispatches, and the capturing of the slave ship are thrillingly and spectacularly done. All the technique the movies have grown into has been used to make this picture a success.

The flotilla of Aaron Burr in which he descended the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers has been interestingly reproduced. Aaron Burr is well portrayed by Richard Tucker. It is interesting to know that Richard Tucker, who was a major in the American service, was one of many who took part in the picture who served in the World War. From the director down almost every man had seen service.

Every school child and patriotic American citizen should see The Man Without a Country. It will make all of them feel like giving three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.

Next Week: THE LOST WORLD
A First National-Watterson R. Rothacker Picture

How to care for

Dull Hair

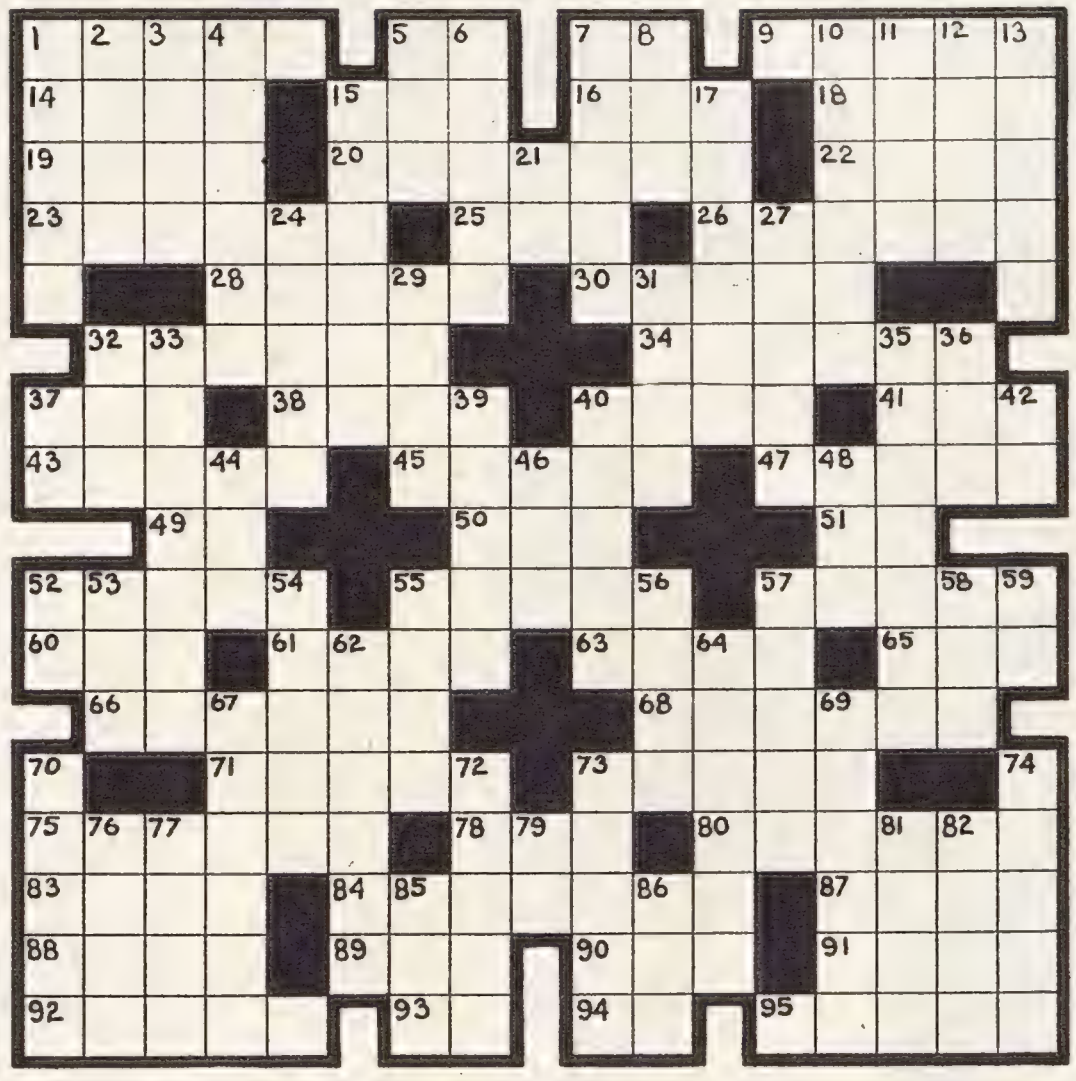
You cannot expect hair which is naturally devoid of lustre to look brilliant or exceptionally bright after an ordinary shampoo. You must use a shampoo that is *different*—a shampoo that *will add real beauty* to your hair—GOLDEN GLINT Shampoo. This shampoo will make your hair look so much prettier, so much more attractive, that you will just love to fuss with it. In addition to the clean freshness any good shampoo gives, it offers something unusual, something new, something more than a promise. This "something" is a secret you'll discover with your first Golden Glint Shampoo. 25c a package at toilet counters or direct. * * * J. W. Kobi Co., 660 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wash.

Golden Glint SHAMPOO

Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle

No. 21

THE delightful part of this cross-word game is the wealth of whimsical words it unearths. Two Hawaiian contributions particularly amuse us. One is "aa," meaning slaggy lava whose surface is rough, and the other is "oo," a bird whose feathers Hawaiians use in making featherwork. The dictionary is as old as the hills and as far traveled as the sun. Those who think it is smart and clever to solve all puzzles without the aid of a dictionary are foolish. They are refusing themselves admittance to a veritable treasure house.



HORIZONTAL

1 Removes the outside skin or rind by cutting
5 An expression of inquiry or slight surprise
7 Abbreviation for the metal, copper
9 A ledge
14 Ireland
15 A scarf of fur, feathers, etc., for the neck
16 A portion of a curved line
18 Spoken
19 Anarchists
20 A province of Canada
22 To be borne in or on a vehicle
23 Emerges
25 A masculine proper name
26 The act of going out
28 Comforted
30 A donkey [western U. S.]
32 A member of a sisterhood
34 A fabric worn loosely over the shoulders or about the neck [plural]
37 A small enclosure for animals
38 The brother of Jacob
40 Observed
41 Binding rule or custom prescribed by authority
43 A worker in stone
45 Clips off suddenly
47 To cover or adorn with folds of cloth
49 Abraham's birthplace
50 A deer
51 A pronoun
52 More certain
55 Pertaining to punishment
57 Balloted
60 Single
61 A Turkish title of dignity
63 Rant
65 To mistake
66 Has ascended
68 Pertaining to the sea
71 Measures of distance
73 Young domestic animal [plural]
75 Flexible
78 Meadow
80 A particular tract of land
83 The sound made by a bullet passing through the air
84 Any of the feelings such as joy, grief, fear, etc.
87 A female character in Tennyson's "Idylls of the King"
88 Tardy
89 To plunge or immerse
90 The particular point or matter
91 A Sumatran squirrel shrew
92 To wear away as by the action of water
93 Prefix indicating the undoing of an action
94 Elder [abbr.]
95 Equine quadrupeds

VERTICAL

1 Danger
2 Measures of area
3 Disencumbers
4 Follows as a consequence
5 An eternity
6 Despised
7 An Indian of Brazil and Guiana
8 A man mentioned in Exodus xxxi., 2
10 The feeling inspired by something shocking
11 A lake of North America
12 Boys
13 Meat
15 Political dictators [slang]
17 To compel or constrain
21 A man's name shortened
24 Corroded
27 Marked by great magnificence
29 Epochs
31 Employments
32 A large wave
33 An insurance underwriter
35 To reduce to an even surface
36 Vital juice of a plant
37 After noon
39 Beneath
40 A pointed weapon
42 Pronoun
44 A metal-bearing mass
46 A product of electrolysis
48 The familiar name of a South American capital
52 Thus
53 A feminine proper name
54 Rosin
55 A kind of tree
56 A Tibetan monk
57 Parts of speech
58 Before
59 A degree
62 Molten
64 Young street arabs
67 Imagined
69 Small islands
70 A fruit
72 A slanting surface
73 The bed of a wild beast [plural]
74 A collection of old Norse songs [plural]
76 Perverter of truth
77 In
79 A Latin and French conjunction
81 Collections of facts
82 A numeral
85 Middle
86 Over [poetical]

R	E	A	D	E	R	■	H	O	G	■	D	I	R	E	C	T
E	L	V	E	S	■	B	A	R	E	S	■	N	E	W	E	R
L	A	I	R	■	H	E	N	■	R	O	T	■	V	E	R	A
I	N	D	I	T	E	■	D	A	M	■	A	R	I	S	E	N
E	D	■	D	E	M	I	■	G	■	B	I	A	S	■	S	C
D	■	T	E	N	■	S	T	E	E	L	■	P	E	R	■	E
■	G	O	■	D	A	L	E	■	L	O	T	S	■	O	F	■
A	R	E	A	■	S	E	N	S	A	T	E	■	H	E	E	D
L	O	■	P	O	I	■	A	I	T	■	N	E	E	■	N	O
B	O	A	T	■	D	E	N	T	I	S	T	■	R	A	C	E
■	M	I	■	P	E	R	T	■	N	E	S	T	■	R	E	■
Q	■	L	E	E	■	O	S	A	G	E	■	E	A	T	■	W
U	S	■	L	A	D	S	■	I	■	S	E	E	D	■	S	A
I	N	V	I	T	E	■	E	M	S	■	A	D	O	R	E	S
R	O	A	D	■	W	A	R	■	P	A	R	■	R	E	N	T
T	R	I	E	D	■	T	A	M	E	D	■	A	N	I	S	E
S	E	N	D	E	R	■	S	E	W	■	M	I	S	S	E	D

Answer to Puzzle No 20

FREE!

Just send us your name and we will send you entirely FREE and POSTPAID, a 10c trial bottle of Liquid Veneer. Wonderful for use on your dust cloth. It quickly removes ALL dust, dirt, grime, finger marks and cloudiness, leaving a bright, highly polished surface. Use it on your piano, furniture, woodwork, picture frames—it cannot injure the finest finish.

Moreover we will tell you how to obtain absolutely FREE, the World Champion Liquid Veneer Mop that retails for $2.00. This big, fluffy mop with its many exclusive features will delight you.

Write now for your bottle of Liquid Veneer and full particulars.

BUFFALO SPECIALTY CO.
Dept. "F," Buffalo, N. Y.

LIQUID VENEER

ONLY $3 DOWN

For this
Ball-Bearing Long Wearing L. C. SMITH

WE will send you this wonderful typewriter with **absolutely no obligation** to you whatsoever. You **send no money.** When the machine arrives you deposit only $3 with your express agent and test this remarkable bargain thoroughly in your own home or office **for 10 days.** If you are not satisfied it is the **greatest value** and the **finest typewriter** you ever saw, just tell the express agent and **he will hand back every cent to you.** If you keep it, you send monthly payments so small you'll never miss them—just like rent.

LIFETIME CHANCE!

Our New Special **prices are the lowest ever made** on the world famous, **BALL BEARING Silent L. C. Smith**—late style models—up-to-date, **full size perfect machines**—every modern convenience—absolutely finest quality rebuilt and guaranteed for 5 years. No other typewriter at anywhere near our price will give as many years of perfect service. We are the **largest exclusive dealers in L. C. Smith Typewriters in the world.** The **easiest running** and **longest wearing** typewriter ever built. Over half a million sold. Easiest to operate and learn.

FREE TO YOU NOW!

Complete Course of Lessons on Touch Typewriting; Operating and Instruction Book; Tools and Waterproof Cover—all free with each machine. Send for **Free Trial Plan; New Special Low Price Offer;** and **Booklet of Valuable Typewriter Information** before offer is withdrawn.

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Send me your New Special Offer; Free Booklet of Valuable Typewriter Information; Your Catalog; and Free Trial Plan with no obligation to me.

Name.....

Address.....

Be Happy

Make every day a joy.
A sparkle in your morning drink will do that.

Don't lose a day by dullness or unfitness. Don't suffer blue days when they can be sunny.

All the difference lies in the way you start them. This is what to do.

Drink a glass of water upon rising, hot or cold. That washes out the stomach—prepares the way for breakfast.

Add to that water a little Jad Salts. That makes a delightful, effervescent drink. Jad Salts are made from acids of lemon and grape, combined with lithia.

In one hour comes elimination of the poisons which depress. Of that clogging which makes you unfit.

The experience is delightful. It is bringing millions of joyous days to people who employ it.

Just a fine drink before breakfast means a day at your best.

Go try it. All druggists have Jad Salts. And you will never forget the day you first employ them.

Wyeth Chemical Co., Inc.
New York

Let's See, Now, What Is It Rhymes With LOVE?

Captions by ALVA TAYLOR

Waxman photo.

Edwin Bower Hesser photo.

LOVE—LOVE—WHY, DOVE! Meet the screen's perfect rhyme, Miss Billie Dove (above), a young lady who is visually and phonetically in tune with the grand passion. Graduate and alumna of Mr. Ziegfeld's university, she is one of Mr. Fox's special leading women for special pictures.

AND HERE IS THE OTHER of the rhyming sisters of the screen, Miss Bessie Love (left). It sounds like the beginning of a song when you say it—"Bessie Love and Billie Dove—," etc., etc. Bessie, who started as a mere infant playing opposite the strong silent men of Bill Hart, appears in the Conan Doyle film, The Lost World, a First National picture.

De Pachmann played, and cried out, "When I play I admire myself so much." Thus he moved through life, acting as his own cheer leader.

Who's All Right ?

YOU MUST swagger before you can walk. When we first come into the world everything is done to encourage our self-esteem. If a baby puts a toe in his mouth, all those round about will give him a long cheer and tell him he has done something pretty fine. And the child knows that. Conceit is a wholly normal emotion which is part of the equipment of the individual at the starting line.

But only the lucky and strong-minded ones can carry this heritage on into later life where they will need it most.

For some reason or other the community has decided that conceit is a vice except in those two years old or less. Thus, it is accepted as charming that a child should crow with delight because he has succeeded in getting hold of his uncle's watch chain. Years later that same child may not say to that same uncle:

"I've just written a three-act comedy and it's swell. I'm a pretty smart young fellow, I am."

Now, it really is the people who think well of themselves who do most of the important work in the world, but they must keep their approval to themselves. I don't know why. It seems silly and hypocritical to me.

"Why, that man talks about himself all the time," says somebody, as if this were necessarily a reproach. For my part, I can imagine no topic of conversation more suitable to the average individual. It is the topic which he knows best and the theme in which he is most interested.

I confess my own limitations in setting forth the values of conceit. I would like to think a lot more of myself than I do. A great deal of self-satisfaction has been hammered out of me in school and college and on my job. Some of it I stamped out myself, because I felt that modesty was beautiful and becoming. And, of course, it might be. Perhaps modesty might be developed to a point where it became a fluttering pennant. The fellow who goes about saying, "I guess I'm just about the most modest man in the world," is not suffering from self-effacement.

But I never was able to achieve any humility as heroic as that. I merely said aloud before venturing any opinion, "Probably it doesn't make much difference, but I think——"

And after I had said that sort of thing for a good many years I found that I was beginning to believe that what I thought didn't make much difference. And actually it did. It made a lot of difference to me.

I THINK it was De Pachmann, the pianist, who cured me, but Babe Ruth might have had something to do with it.

A couple of years ago a friend took me to De Pachmann's apartment, and I heard the old man play. I don't know much about music—no, that's wrong. At that time I was afraid to admit to myself that I had an excellent instinctive taste for the best in music. At any rate, music is not the issue. My realization that De Pachmann was a great man came to me on entirely different grounds. He played, first of all, a waltz by Chopin, and when he was done he looked up from the piano and said, quite simply:

"That was perfect. You will never hear that played so well again. I am not going to play it any more."

"The poor old man is in his dotage," I thought to myself. "Isn't it terrible that he should be so conceited?"

Then he played again, and as the piano sang he beamed and cried out, "When I play I admire myself so much."

At the time I did not realize how happy and fortunate was this man. Gradually I came to recognize the fact that De Pachmann was proceeding through the world in precisely the right frame of mind. I might say to him, as I did when he finished playing, "That was beautiful." From that he could take only casual comfort. Indeed, there was nobody in the room who really knew music as well as De Pachmann did, and so he went to himself for expert understanding and sympathetic criticism.

To be sure, he might have merely thought to himself, "You did that magnificently"; but why should he keep it to himself? By speaking his conviction aloud he had the pleasure of hearing honest praise (and praise is always at its pleasantest when it comes to the ear in waves of sound), and, more than that, he had stated a sincere conviction. The thing should have been said, and so, simply enough, he said it.

And again, as he bent over the keys, he would murmur occasionally, "Bravo, Pachmann!" Thus he moved through life, acting as his own cheer leader.

That is a good system. It may be that merit never goes wholly unrewarded in this world, but there are times when acclamation gets stalled somewhere along the journey.

The world has rather a fondness for discovering genius after it is dead. Cheer leaders have a habit of visiting the tomb of this or that great man rather than his garret. The noise ought to come immediately after the scrimmage. Each one of us can rest assured of some recognition in the world if only he will learn the difficult trick of reaching around and patting himself on the back.

And I am not talking only of authentic geniuses. To everyone there comes some moment of greatness. We should know it when it comes. De Pachmann did. He kept pace with himself.

IF I ever do anything great, I have a feeling that I may miss the deserved elation in my own heart because of a sense of strangeness. Great Broun will seem to me an alien person who has hit upon his high spot because of some accidental, fleeting inspiration. I won't recognize him. He will be gone before I have a chance to cry out, "Attaboy, Heywood!"

When he was done for the afternoon De Pachmann said of the last number which he had played, a rhapsody by Liszt: "I played that for Liszt once and he told me, 'You play that better than I do'—very probably he was right."

Someone in the room snickered. He felt that

ROUSE Up and Be Your Own Cheer Leader! Then, if You're a Genius, the World Will Visit You in Your Garret, Instead of Laying Wreaths on Your Tomb

By

HEYWOOD BROUN

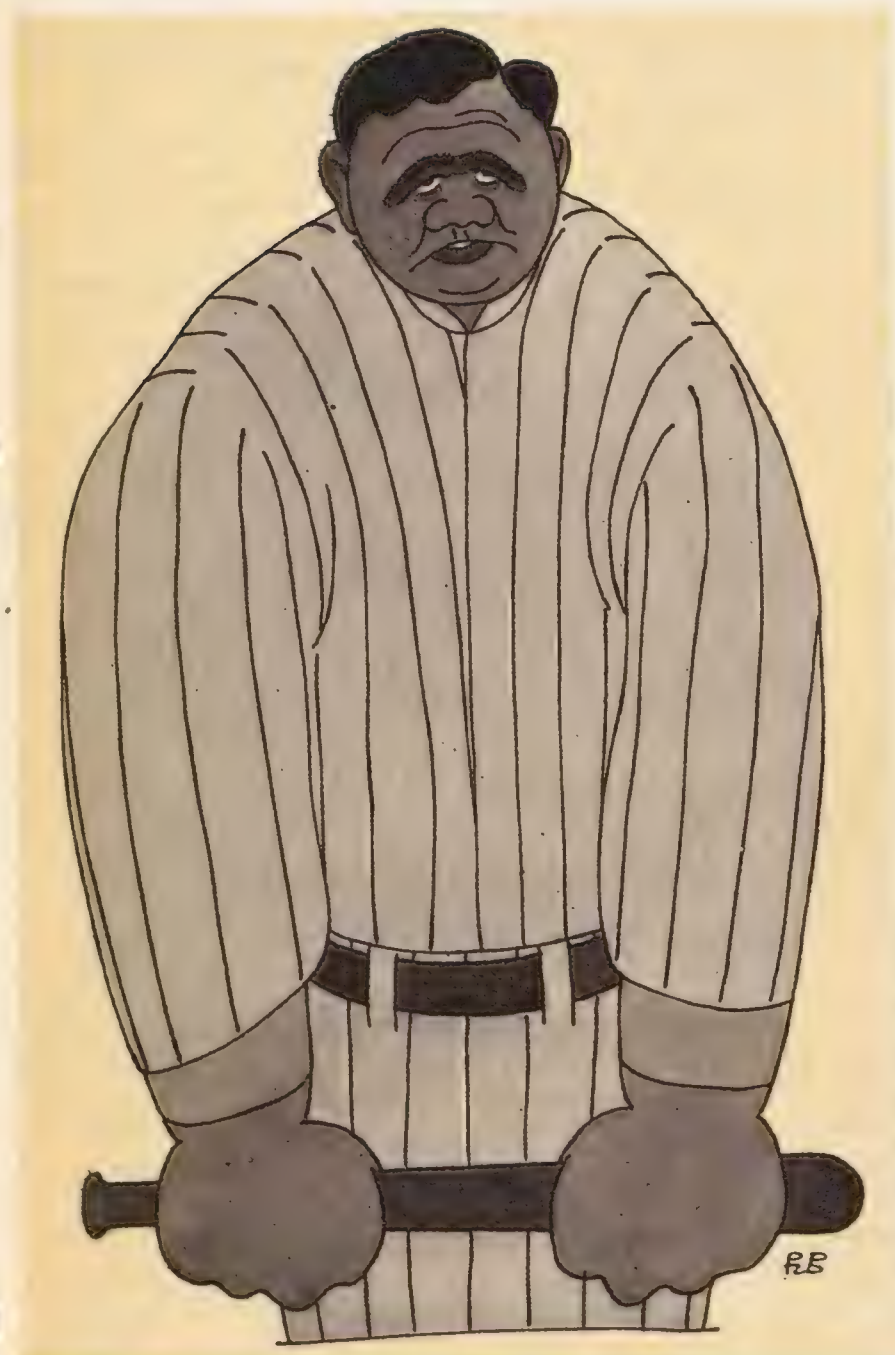
Pictures by RALPH BARTON

Great Broun will seem to me an alien person. I won't recognize him.

the old man should not have said that. I think he should. I believe he reported the remark of the dead composer faithfully, and why should he turn the master's words into an empty, conventional compliment by pretending not to believe them?

Indeed, in affirming the judgment expressed he honored Liszt, for in effect De Pachmann was reporting, "Liszt was not only a great composer but he was also an intelligent critic of music."

After this meeting with De Pachmann I began to look about, and I found that most of the persons I admired were quite articulately satisfied with themselves. I could see that Babe Ruth made home runs because he was wholly convinced, and willing to be quoted, at any given moment, that he was the greatest long-distance hitter baseball had ever seen. And Jack Dempsey never said, "No, I'm not really a very good heavyweight; I just happen to have had some lucky breaks."



Babe Ruth was willing to be quoted, at any given moment, that he was the greatest long-distance hitter baseball had ever seen.

BUT, most of all, I was helped by playing ten days in a musical show. I went in thinking that my monologue was not much good. I came out feeling the same way about it, and all the audiences which listened were in complete agreement with this verdict, which made it unanimous.

If I had my life to live over again I would approach this job in a wholly different spirit. Now I would begin by assuring myself that the material and the manner were exceptionally amusing. If I found within my heart some diffidence in accepting this point of view, I would merely debate all the harder. In the end, I fully believe, I could sell myself to myself. And out of the radiation of this confident, flag-flying conceit there might well come some emanation to the audience. A complete assurance could quite possibly stagger their doubts and win their welcome.

I find that all actors are conceited, at least all good ones are. Suppose a man comes out upon the stage saying to himself, "If I do my very best and work my hardest it is barely possible that I may be adequate in this role"—do you suppose there is any chance whatsoever for that actor to give a compelling performance? I don't think so.

If he says, on the other hand, "This is just about the best thing that has ever been done in any theater in any age," he may very well get away with his job. You see, a pretty good actor is no more than a pretty good egg.

As a matter of fact, being pretty good at anything is rather dismal business. And the one who starts out with that meager estimate of his own capabilities is likely to sink even lower.

There may be quietly confident people who move about glowing with self-esteem and yet never breathing a word of their pride, but it is a dangerous system. If you suppress your good opinions of yourself they may wither and die for lack of air and sunshine.

And, anyway, what is the point in this secretiveness? A little approbation from the outside does no one any harm, and however much the world may sneer and snarl at the man who blows his own horn, the tune he plays will linger and be remembered.

An executive has two men in mind for a certain job. One says, "I guess I can get away with it." The other says, "I will be simply great if you give me the chance." Which one would you intrust with the job?

And in a sense the commodity which you and I take about the world and offer to all we meet is our own personality. We want people to like us and to accept us. In fact, we ask them to. It is important, then, that we should sincerely believe that the article we offer is high-grade and valuable. If we have misgivings about ourselves we are asking the world to accept the shoddy and the second rate.

A few years ago I used to be much disturbed when any newspaper reader clipped out one of my columns and mailed it back to me after having ringed all the "I's" and "me's" in red. That doesn't displease me any more. I want to be conceited. I want to fling ahead of myself some lofty estimate of my own prowess. And, after I have flung it, I mean to rush out and catch up with it.

THE END

$500 a Week for Limericks!

Liberty's Record-Breaking Contest---Open to Everybody, Everywhere!

Liberty's Big Limerick Contest

$500 a Week in Cash Prizes

A burglar, one dark, stormy night,
In a house heard a gasp, as of fright;
As he tip-toed around
To locate the sound

. . . . . .

Write your last line in the space above and send this coupon to—
LIMERICKS, *Care of Liberty*,
P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill.

MY NAME IS.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

(Issue of March 28)

THIS WEEK'S WINNERS

who share in the $500 prizes for completing Limerick No. 1 in Liberty's big double-header contest, announced in the issue of February 28. Winners of the $500 prizes for Limerick No. 2 in the same contest will be announced next week. The number of entries prevented the judges from finishing their work in time for this issue. Limerick No. 1 read as follows:

A beauty prize winner from Maine
In the movies sought stardom in vain.
When her first film was shown
It then became known

. . . . . .

Last lines which the prize winners wrote were:

FIRST PRIZE—$250

That this "reel" Eve would never raise Cain.

Written by GEORGE D. OTTAWAY, Care Ottaway & Paeske, Edgar, Wis.

SECOND PRIZE—$100

She was "Maine-ly" a vain little Jane.

Written by MRS. HOMER SHEAHAN, 5056 St. Louis Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

THIRD PRIZE—$75

That this Jane was reel-ly quite plain.

Written by KATHRYNE R. CAREY, Care Federal Reserve Bank, Philadelphia, Pa.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50

In film-dumb she likely would reign.

Written by A. L. KERR, 588 South Diamond Street, Mansfield, Ohio.

FIFTH PRIZE—$25

On "Main Street" in Maine she'd remain.

Written by RALPH E. CLIFFORD, Shelton Hotel, New York, N. Y.

$500 More for Limericks Next Week!

SEND 'EM IN! SEND 'EM IN!

SEND 'em in, folks! Send 'em in! Last week the judges had a pretty tough time. Lots of last lines, but most of them not so good. Now, here's a question that ought to send everyone leaping for th' writing paper an' the pen an' ink!

What Happened When the Burglar Heard That Mysterious Sound?

Maybe he met the master of the house! Maybe he met the fair daughter of the family! Maybe it was only the wind in the eaves! But—b-r-r-r-r!—maybe he met the family skeleton! It's certainly a good Limerick we've got this week. Just help yourself to an idea.

For the best five lines submitted to complete the Limerick in the coupon (telling what happened to the burglar on that dark and stormy night) Liberty will pay the following big cash

PRIZES:

1st Prize . . . $250 **3d Prize $75**
2d Prize . . . $100 **4th Prize $50**
5th Prize . . . $25

Limericks is a contest in which everybody has a chance. The more, the merrier.

Send in as many last lines as you please. Every member of the family can compete. There's only thing to remember: a Limerick is a jingle in which the *last* line rhymes with the first two.

All Last Lines for *THIS WEEK'S* Contest Must Reach Us Not Later Than *Midnight, APRIL 4*

THE RULES:

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed on this page. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and send it to Limericks, care of Liberty, P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill. You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper, but be sure that all five lines appear in the letter you send in. Also be sure that your name and full address are plainly written, or printed, on the same sheet. Neatness counts. For the best line, $250 will be paid; for second best, $100; third, $75; fourth, $50, and fifth, $25.

BROKEN WATERS

By Frank L. Packard

A Serial of Romance in a Tropic Setting of Bright Sun and Sparkling Seas—Adventure, Mystery, and a Struggle for a Fortune in Jewels

Pictures by FREDERIC DORR STEELE

Who's Who *in the* Fourth Installment

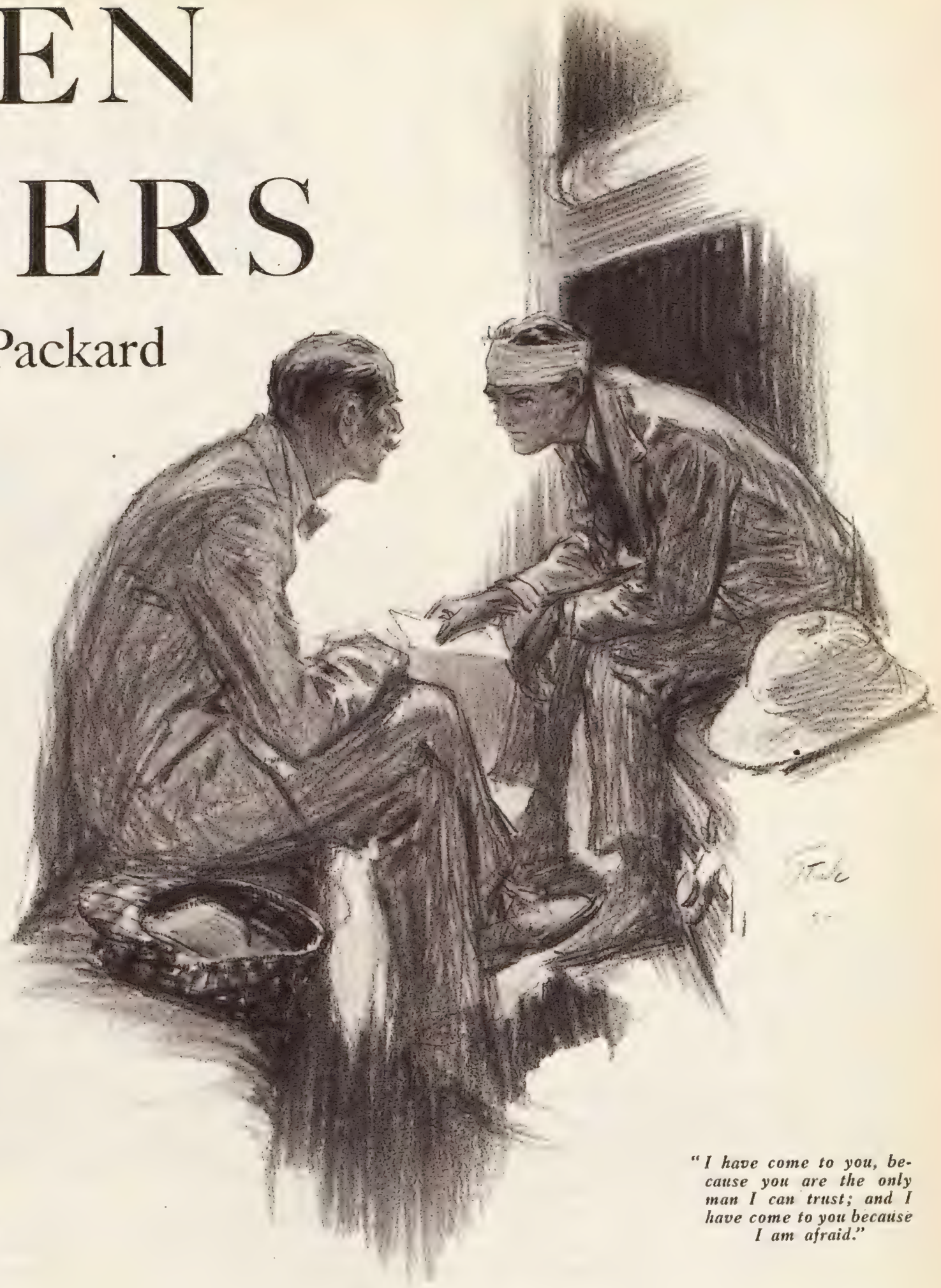
JOHN CRANE, *while on his yacht in the port of Havre, France, is entrusted, by a mysterious visitor, with a packet of gems worth half a million dollars. This enigmatic caller states that the treasure is the property of certain Russian noblemen, exiled in Paris, and that Soviet agents are seeking it. Captain Crane agrees to keep the jewels on Talimi, his island home in the South Seas, until they can be returned to their rightful owners. He copies, in his own handwriting, the inventory of the gems. It is to serve as a means of identification for whatever person calls at the island to reclaim the precious stones. Crane then sails for Talimi.*

DONALD LANE, *a bronzed young athlete, on his way to join his uncle in Talimi, makes a stopover on the near-by island of Viti Levu. There he meets*

ANNE WALTON, *the beautiful nineteen-year-old daughter of*

HENRY WALTON, *a gentleman of leisure. The Waltons, like Captain Crane, are residents of Talimi, and are shortly to return to that island. Meanwhile, Donald and Anne take a spin in a motor car into the interior of Viti Levu, where they are caught in the grip of a terrific hurricane. When Donald is hurt, Anne is brought to a realization that she loves him overwhelmingly. She herself has barely the strength to summon aid.*

One night, a week after the storm, Anne is horrified to overhear her father and a stranger plotting to get the gems from Captain Crane. Walton, forced to confide in Anne, tells her he has been a criminal all his life. He reveals that he and his accomplices are planning to gain possession of the jewels by getting rid—by murder, if necessary—of a certain Russian aristocrat who is on his way to present, as an identification, the copy of the inventory in Captain Crane's handwriting. Anne upbraids her father, who calmly announces that he will kill both her and Donald Lane if she reveals his plans. To save her lover she promises to say nothing to anyone, but gives warning that she will try to prevent the robbery by her own unaided efforts.



"I have come to you, because you are the only man I can trust; and I have come to you because I am afraid."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE Alola had sailed at five o'clock that afternoon. It was nearly dinner time now.

Anne Walton stared at herself in the mirror over her cabin washstand. She looked tired and ill; but it struck her as something strangely like a miracle that the face which gazed back at her possessed any semblance at all to her own. She was not the same Anne as yesterday; the yesterdays had passed away forever, and with them had passed her old self. It was strange that a new entity should not have brought with it a complete and corresponding change of features!

She coiled the long, glossy braids of rich brown hair with fingers that, usually so deft, hesitated a little now. She had come aboard long before sailing time—she had insisted on that. She could not have faced the good-bys to everybody in the town. And since coming on board she had deliberately kept to her stateroom—but it had merely postponed the inevitable meeting with Donald Lane.

Under ordinary circumstances the plea of illness could have kept her in her cabin until Talimi was reached; but there was something else now, something that prohibited her from doing that, something that took precedence, since anything there had ever been between Donald Lane and herself could be no more than a memory hereafter.

She shivered suddenly. That it should be John Crane, which was almost the same as though it were Donald himself, made the misery and the shame of it all the more starkly hideous. She *would* stop it! She did not know how—but somehow—in spite of an almost panic-fear that she was attempting the impossible. That was the only reason she had come aboard the Alola, and was going for the last time to Talimi. Her father did not realize

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that; he had taken it as a matter of course that she should go back with him to the island.

She had scarcely spoken a word to him since last night. Afterward—but what did the "afterward" or the future matter in the sense that they demanded any concrete plans? The future was a blank except that somewhere, where she was not known, she would live out the rest of her life—somehow. Further association with her father was both detestable and impossible; Talimi, supported by the proceeds of crime, was no longer a home.

But if she had come aboard the Alola for a purpose, she certainly could not accomplish it by remaining here, shut up in her cabin—to avoid Donald Lane. Her lips tightened a little. Well, she had no intention of doing so. It was only an hour since they had sailed, and she had granted herself that hour as a little respite before facing the ordeal that was to come.

Yet, even so, she had not been altogether idle. From her cabin porthole, before the Alola sailed, she had been able, unobserved herself, to watch everybody on the wharf, and particularly those who came up the gangway. Her first task, she knew, was to establish the identity of the immediate victim of her father's rascality—the Russian ex-nobleman who carried the coveted credentials, and who, for very obvious reasons, was almost certain to be traveling in any other guise than that of a man going to Talimi with the frank and avowed purpose of redeeming all that was left to himself and his compatriots of wealth and possessions. Then there was equally the identity of her father's accomplice to establish—the man who had come to the bungalow last night.

ANNE shook her head now dubiously. She had not been in any way rewarded—but then so many people had come and gone across the gangway that it was impossible to tell who, out of them all, were even the ten or twelve passengers that, at most, would comprise the Alola's list. Still she had watched. There was *one* she would know.

She caught her breath slightly. Donald again! Yes, Donald again! She had watched eagerly, yet hoping more and more as he did not appear that he had canceled his passage. She had sent him a note that morning—a studied and coldly formal note that left no doubt as to its finality, stating that she had made other arrangements for getting down to the Alola, and that it was not only quite unnecessary but her choice that he should not come for her.

Her hair fell in a mass about her shoulders from fingers that had suddenly relaxed. It would hurt him, sting him with its cool indifference, its airy disposal of anything he might have been pleased to make out of the formal note she had sent him by the doctor. And she had deliberately tried to make it so, because—because—oh, because it was the kindest thing she could do—to try to make him think of her in that way—the last woman in the world that Donald Lane would marry, would care to marry, was a flippant woman.

He had not canceled his passage. At almost the last moment she had seen his broad-shouldered figure come up the gangway. She had had only a glimpse of him; but the bandages were not all gone from his head—there was one just below the brim of his pith helmet—and his face had lost a great deal of its bronze, and he was thinner, and still looked ill and——

From outside in the alleyway there came suddenly a deafening and unmusical clamor like

a frantic pounding upon a tin pan. It was the Alola's dinner gong. And almost coincidentally a knock sounded on her door.

"Are you coming to dinner, Anne; or shall I have something sent along to you?" It was her father's voice, cool, suave, composed as ever.

"I will join you presently," she replied quietly.

"Right you are!" he answered—and she heard his step passing on along the alleyway.

She completed her toilette hurriedly, and a few minutes later entered the ship's litttle saloon.

It was a shabby place, as shabby and old-fashioned and out of date as the archaic vessel itself. A long table ran down the center, with a row of straight-backed swivel chairs on either side. A glance told her that they were nearly all occupied. She had not been much out in her guess; there were some ten or eleven passengers—all men. Captain Croon's round, red face and bald head loomed up from the head of the table—and his voice bellowed jovially to her:

"Here you are, Miss Anne! Right here in the same seat you've had since you were a kiddie!"

DONALD LANE was looking at her. She was conscious of that, conscious that he was seated at almost the extreme lower end of the table, though she did not look at him. She did not dare to look at him. She was suddenly afraid of herself. She wanted to cry out piteously, helplessly, but steeled herself to bow composedly as she passed to her own seat.

She sat down and forced a smiling reply to the captain's greeting.

A moment later her father introduced her

He wanted to talk to Anne—— He had thought his chance would come up here on deck——but Captain Croon hung on and on.

to her vis-a-vis, a dark-skinned, middle-aged man on the captain's left.

"A fellow passenger of mine on the Makura from Vancouver, my dear," said Walton pleasantly. "Monsieur Faradeau—my daughter."

Monsieur Faradeau bowed profoundly.

"I am delighted and honored to make mademoiselle's acquaintance," he said.

Anne murmured a formal acknowledgment. Her emotion had abruptly assumed a new and totally different phase. Behind the amber-colored lenses of Henry Walton's pince-nez she thought she had caught a faint gleam of mockery. She was aware of a sudden, startled sense of excitement sweeping upon her. Monsieur Faradeau spoke with a slight trace of foreign accent that she did not think was French—like the name. He had come out on the Makura with her father; and his manners were decidedly those of a polished gentleman. The name was not Russian—but a Russian name was the last one she would expect an ex-nobleman of Russia to possess under the present circumstances.

"I was just saying," said Henry Walton genially, "that it was both a surprise and a pleasure to find Monsieur Faradeau aboard here. Of course, being up in the hills, I did not see him after we reached Suva; but I had understood him to say he was going on to Sydney and from there home by the P. and O."

Anne's eyes drifted to the man opposite her. Intuitively, she was *certain* of him now. His gaze was suddenly on his plate, and, for all his ease of manner, his composure appeared to be suddenly somewhat disturbed.

"That is quite true, Monsieur Walton," the other said with almost exaggerated earnestness. "But, after all, I travel only for pleasure. Fiji enchanted me, and I was told that Captain Croon on his trip visited many islands that were even more beautiful."

"Which accounts for your being here on the Alola, of course!" said Henry Walton softly.

ANNE glanced quickly at her father—in time to catch an enigmatical little smile playing around the corners of his mouth.

"Yes, monsieur—precisely," replied Monsieur Faradeau.

"Well, you'll find them more primitive anyway," said Henry Walton heartily; "and in that way, at least, more interesting—to the sightseer. I don't blame you at all."

Anne's eyes roved now up and down the table, as she chatted with the captain. To her relief Donald Lane was on the same side as herself and she could not see him.

"I see you have the usual passenger list, Captain Croon," she said.

"Just about!" the captain answered. "Planters going back home; and agents going out to get an option on copra and that sort of stuff from owners like your father—and commercial men looking after their fences. Yes, just about, Miss Anne—just about!"

"You overlook Monsieur Faradeau," broke in Henry Walton laughingly. "And if he is an exception, he is at least a distinguished one. You're no swanky mail boat, Croon, and it's not often you have a tourist out for pleasure."

Her father was deliberately baiting the man. She caught a startled look, come and gone in an instant, in Monsieur Faradeau's eyes. But her father was equally baiting *her*, too! He was deliberately telling her that *this* was the man. It was just like her father; he would enjoy that sort of thing—to let her tug at the end of her chain from which, he was quite certain, she could not break loose!

The round-faced skipper smiled good-naturedly.

"Well, I'm not saying I am," he said; "but Monsieur Faradeau might do a lot worse. If he wants to see islands that are the real genuine article and warranted to put the beauty of Eden in the second class, he couldn't do better than he's doing."

"I am sure that is true, captain." Monsieur Faradeau spoke quickly; and to Anne it seemed a little over-eagerly, as though anxious to vindicate himself. "From what I have already seen, I love the islands—they intoxicate me. I'd like to see them all, if I could do it."

"My word!" said Mr. Henry Walton—and again Anne caught the enigmatical smile playing around the corners of his mouth. "There's genuine enthusiasm for you! But, I say, Croon, if I were you I'd look out for myself! Unless he's paid the round passage in advance I wouldn't risk letting him ashore anywhere. The lure of one of these super-Eden spots of yours might be too much for him—and he'd give you the slip."

"And quite right he'd be, too!" Captain Croon nodded heartily at Monsieur Faradeau. "You'd have something to talk about when

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1,000,000
NET PAID CIRCULATION

Under a year and over a million! The result of Liberty's editorial plan

WITH the Feb. 28th issue, Liberty's net paid circulation passed the million mark.

WHY IS IT that a million copies of a weekly magazine only ten months old receive such ready welcome? 99½% of Liberty's sale is newsstand! It takes unfaltering editorial precision to offer a content which will stand this acid test week after week.

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More than a year prior to the first issue of Liberty a thorough study and analysis was made of the reading tastes of the average American and the conditions under which he—or she—reads.

Back of the analysis stood seventy-seven years of successful publishing. Out of this analysis came the realization that the conditions of living of the average American have greatly changed. Thinking has changed accordingly. This in turn has affected reading desires.

Every phase of Liberty's editorial plan—subject matter, treatment, physical appearance, makeup, type of appeal—conforms to these changed reading needs.

Liberty is written as the average American lives.

Liberty editors, in their choice of subject matter, are limited only by this rule: "Don't print anything the average American would not talk about in company of both sexes." Thus it is possible to have Woodrow Wilson and Jack Dempsey and Patricia Patterns in the same issue.

Its fiction is vigorous and lively—but it is *clean*. Its articles on sports, politics, questions of the day, etc., are *woven around personalities*. They mesh with the problems and ambitions common to all of us.

Clarity and brevity.

The editorial content of Liberty is purposely concise. Stories and articles are cut to fit—not padded to fill. Thus Liberty is never tiresome, never a dull spot from front cover to back.

Physical appearance.

Notice the clearer, larger type and the narrower column width in Liberty. This makes for easy reading both for the mature reader who may be fatigued from the rush of the day and for the impatient, impetuous younger members of the household.

Makeup gives 100% visibility.

Every story or article is completed before another is begun. There are no "carry-overs" into an advertising jungle in the back. The entire content teems with variety. This arrangement is far more expensive—but it makes for more thorough reading—and it makes the advertising do more work!

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Liberty is built not for one type of individual nor for any one group of individuals. It speaks a universal language. It is met with a million eager responses and it is still growing.

The family of today is a buying unit. Family conferences shape decision. Mother and father plan together. The influence of the younger members of the family is great.

Liberty is enjoyed by every member of this family buying unit. Advertising in Liberty therefore surrounds a product with every available selling influence—thus reducing resistance, swelling sales volume, cutting distribution costs. Notice—the next Liberty you see—with what artistry this variegation of appeal is achieved.

Sold solely on public demand!

CIRCULATION CRUTCHES (price cutting, clubbing offers, premiums to subscribers, etc.) could be resorted to by Liberty, but they aren't necessary!

Liberty's weekly sale is 99½% NEWSSTAND. Every week nearly a million nickels change hands across newsstands as a result of that one word, spoken in anticipation—"Liberty"!

5¢ Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

At all newsstands

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you got home, and I'd pick you up on my way back."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Henry Walton. "I'm not serious!"

Anne's eyes were on her plate. There were two men at the table here that she was trying to identify; no—*one*. One, she was already satisfied, there could be no doubt about. Monsieur Faradeau! Her father was amusing himself with the man; doing more than that—very craftily throwing dust in the captain's eyes. Monsieur Faradeau would, if her father had his way, undoubtedly succumb to the lure of one of the islands between here and Talimi; and the Alola, quite unsuspicious that anything was wrong, would sail on minus a passenger.

BUT the other man! Her father's accomplice — the man who had been at the bungalow last night! Quite unostentatiously, while she joined at intervals in the conversation around her, she studied her fellow passengers at the table — and acknowledged herself hopelessly at a loss. And it frightened her a little.

All her life she had lived in the islands, and she knew the types of the tropics thoroughly. They were distinctive. Every one of these men here was true to type. That one of them could have come but recently from Paris, and still play his part so well, predicated a degree of cleverness that brought a surge of dismay upon her at the thought of attempting to cope with this ugly plot that knew its head and brains in this man beside her —her father.

She grew silent. She could not shake off a sense of growing depression. She heard Captain Croon say something about making Matalofa a little after daybreak. She heard her father laugh.

"The cream of them all!" cried Henry Walton. "The coral-girdled, palm-crowned gem of Polynesia, as the poets would say! Matalofa's the place for you, Faradeau! Wait till you see it!"

The meal ended.

As Anne rose from her seat, Captain Croon appropriated her arm and laughingly tucked it under his own.

"The only chance we old fellows have got—eh, what—Miss Anne? I'm going on the bridge by and by, but until then the young chaps have got to sheer off while we have a turn on deck."

"Yes," she said inaudibly—she was passing by Donald Lane again.

They made their way up to the combination promenade and boat deck and began to pace around it. Captain Croon alternately related all the latest gossip of the islands and plied her with questions about herself.

Anne listened mechanically and answered mechanically. She wanted to get away somewhere to think—she must *think*. Even Donald did not intrude upon her thoughts now. Her father's words about Matalofa kept reiterating themselves in her mind. They would touch Matalofa a little after daybreak. There wasn't much time. Matalofa was the first port of call—then one or two smaller islands during the day —and, in the evening, Talimi.

She knew who the Russian was now, and she was convinced it was at Matalofa that he was to be marooned—if not worse than marooned. Her father, she was quite sure, had not only said what he had for the purpose of preparing Captain Croon for Monsieur Faradeau's enforced decision to remain at Matalofa, but also he had taken a malicious delight in doing so in her presence as a sort of contemptuous gibe at her helplessness. But he would not have said what he had unless he were genuinely and supremely confident that nothing could interfere with his plans. She sensed that, felt that—and it brought renewed dismay. He was clever, callous, ruthless—with another quite as unscrupulous as himself at his back. She was alone —a girl. What was she to do?

Around and around the deck she walked, walked interminably, the skipper's voice droning in her ears, her laughter rippling out at times because he laughed—she did not know at what; while, over and over again, one question hammered frantically at her brain and clamored desperately for an answer, for the time was growing miserably short — just from now until daybreak.

What was she to do?

CHAPTER IX.

DONALD LANE was not in a good humor. He had followed Anne from the saloon, and, standing now unobtrusively in the shadow of one of the deck houses, he mentally cursed Captain Croon with fervency and abandon. Up and down, up and down! Did the man imagine, just because he commanded the benighted old scow, that he could appropriate Anne forever?

He wanted to talk to Anne—and he meant to do so, in spite of the fact that she had very noticeably and obviously avoided him. He had thought his chance would have come up here on deck, immediately after she had left the saloon, but Captain Croon clung on and on.

What was the matter with Anne? What had happened? He stood pulling viciously at his cigarette— his eyes lighting up as his gaze followed her while she was in sight on his side of the deck, a frown, puzzled and heavy, furrowing his forehead when she turned the corner of the Captain's cabin, beneath the bridge, and was lost to view again.

He watched her hungrily, the slim grace of her, the curve of the

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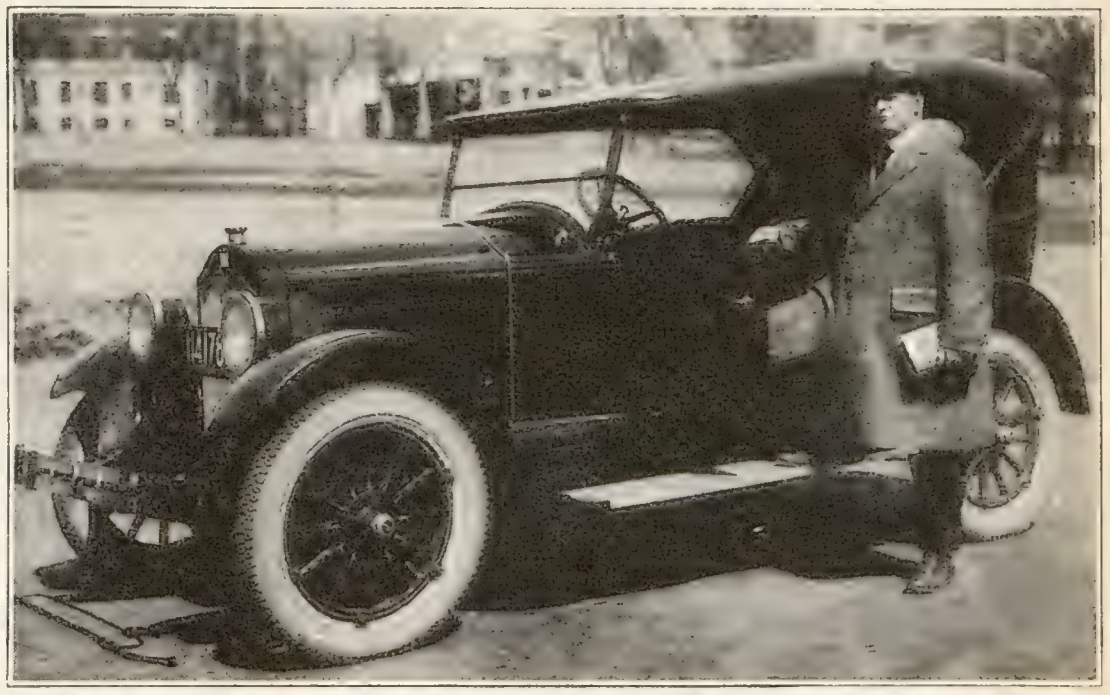

I Made $945 in One Month

If YOU Aren't Satisfied With Your Present Earnings Read How R. A. Prentiss Made $945 in One Month

"If anyone had tried to tell me a year ago that *today* I would be my own boss, own a flourishing business, drive my own automobile—*and that I could make $945 in a single month*—I would have laughed at them. Yet all of those things have come to me in a brief span of fifteen months. And what I have done, *you* can duplicate.

A Wage Earner for Fifteen Years

"My name is R. A. Prentiss. I live in a small New England town where I was reared. My first job was that of a ticket taker. Next I became a conductor. Then I got a job in a retail shoe store. After several years of working for someone else I decided to work for myself and opened a small shoe store. But high rents, keen competition, heavy overhead soon ate up my meager capital and I failed. I went back into a factory, back to long hours and a small weekly pay envelope. After fifteen years of hard work I was discouraged and without a future.

I Answered an Unusual Advertisement

"One night my uncle handed me an advertisement he had cut from a magazine. It stated that *I* could own a business of my own without investing a penny, be my own boss—and that, without any experience or training, I could make from $100 to $200 a week. It told of other men, just like me, who were making that much and more. I couldn't believe that it was possible for me to make $100 a week, but the advertiser offered to prove his statements. I was desperate, so I mailed the coupon for the facts. And that simple step changed my whole life.

Then Success— $945 in One Month

"In a few days the information came. The proposition looked good. I decided to give it a trial in my spare time. The first month I made $254. Another month I cleared $262. I knew I had the proposition I had wanted all my life. I quit my job and devoted all of my time to this work. My income grew bigger and bigger until one month I made $945.

Easy Work—Big Profits

"I am the local representative for The Comer Manufacturing Company, one of the largest manufacturers of high-grade top-coats and raincoats in the country. The coats are wonderful values. They are made from the finest fabrics and are tailored into up-to-the-minute styles. They are cold-proof and wind-proof as well as water-proof. And because they are such big values people order them on sight. I just take orders. I don't have to collect or deliver; the company does that. I get my profits the minute I take an order. And for doing this easy, pleasant work I have made as much as $945 in a month.

My Future Was Never So Bright

"Just recently The Comer Manufacturing Company gave me a Buick Touring car as a bonus in addition to my large earnings. I'm my own boss now. I own my own business. I don't have to worry about money because every minute of my time puts money in my pocket. I'm fixed for life. And everything I have I owe to the time when I answered that advertisement. If I hadn't done that I would still be a dissatisfied wage earner."

You Have the Same Chance

If you would like to have a business of your own, without investing a penny; if you would like to have a chance to make $200 a week and get an automobile free, just as Mr. Prentiss did—then mail the coupon. I will send you full particulars of the proposition that has enabled R. A. Prentiss to become a successful business man with an income that makes him financially independent. Mail the coupon at once and I will send this information, without cost or obligation.

C. E. COMER, The Comer Mfg. Co.
Dept. 117-F, Dayton, Ohio

MAIL THIS NOW!

THE COMER MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. 117-F, Dayton, Ohio

Gentlemen. Please send me full particulars of the proposition that has enabled R. A. Prentiss to make $945 in a single month and get a Buick Touring Car. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

The BULL'S EYE

Published every Now and Then

Proprietor MR. ROGERS *Circulation Mgr.* W. ROGERS *E* …OGERS

Another 'Bull' Durham advertisement by Will Rogers, Ziegfeld Follies and screen star, and leading American humorist. More coming. Watch for them.

The American Constitution a la Carte

Order Any Amendment You Want

THEY are trying to pass an amendment to keep children from working. Now children didn't want to work, but they got tired waiting for somebody else to do it. If they would just put through an amendment to MAKE grown people all work, there would be no need to have this children one. Grown people stopped working without an Amendment or even a reason, so it will take more than an Amendment to start them. It will take a Miracle.

They are going to pass another Prohibition Amendment; somebody mislaid the rules of the other one. The 19th amendment made women vote, some amendments make us do something and some keep us from it. No. 21 will give men with Knee Breeches the vote. About the 25th Amendment will prohibit smoking and when they do 'Bull' Durham will bootleg for a dollar a sack. (I knew I would get that Ad worked in there somewhere.)

Will Rogers

P. S. There will be another piece in here two weeks from now. Look for it.

MORE OF EVERYTHING

for a lot less money. That's the net of this 'Bull' Durham proposition. More flavor—more enjoyment and a lot more money left in the bankroll at the end of a week's smoking.

TWO BAGS for 15 cents
100 cigarettes for 15 cents

Guaranteed by

The American Tobacco Co.

INCORPORATED

100 CIGARETTES FOR 15 CENTS
Roll your own and you'll own a roll!

'BULL' DURHAM

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

white neck, the poise of the dainty head. It was growing dark—twilight in the tropics is almost a momentary thing—just a splash of crimson sky in the west that was fading away now. He could not see her face. His hands tightened. Intense yearning surged upon him. He wanted her—to hold her, to hold his arms around her, to pillow her head upon his shoulder, to bury his face in her hair. What did it matter what had happened? Nothing should come between them! He would sweep it aside by brute force if necessary, trample it under foot—hurl it out of existence!

Perhaps *this* time Captain Croon would part company with her at the foot of the ladder there and go on the bridge! No; they had turned the corner again for still another round of the deck, or a dozen more, or——

A voice spoke suddenly and quietly at his elbow.

"You are Monsieur Donald Lane, are you not?"

Lane swung sharply around and stared into the speaker's face. He recognized the man as the one who had sat opposite Anne in the saloon.

"Yes," he answered; "that is my name."

"And mine, monsieur," said the other, "is Faradeau—Jules Faradeau."

LANE bowed perfunctorily. He was not in the slightest degree interested. Anne would be about half way along the other side of the deck again.

"Monsieur Lane," said Monsieur Faradeau earnestly, "I beg you to forgive me, a stranger, for intruding myself upon you; but there is something I want to say to you that is of the utmost importance."

"All right," said Lane, "go ahead — though I don't see how there could be anything of a very important nature between us."

Monsieur Faradeau lowered his voice.

"Not here," he said. "It is too dangerous. We must not be seen together. If monsieur would go to his cabin, I will join him there in a minute."

Lane stared — and then he frowned. It was a very strange request, a most peculiar one; but he was not so much concerned with that phase of it as he was with the fact that, if he complied, he would have to leave the deck.

"Look here," he said bluntly, "what's the big idea?"

"Monsieur," said the other hurriedly, "I beg of you that we do not stand here together. You are the nephew of Monsieur John Crane of Talimi. It is a matter that affects your uncle—a very grave matter—perhaps one of life and death. Will you not do as I ask, monsieur?"

Donald Lane leaped tensely for-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Open The Door To Comfort

Don't get the idea that all people with money are especially lucky. Nine times out of ten they have suffered the same hardships you have.

The difference is—they determined to have money and got it. They fought for entrance to that land of comfort, luxury and prestige and gained it. You can do the same, if you want to hard enough. And we'll help you. Just send your name to any of the addresses listed and receive the key that will open the door to comfort.

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654 Chemical Bldg., St. Louis
374-166 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago
455 U. S. National Bank Bldg., Denver
Fidelity Guarantees Every Bond

H935

ALICE SPRINGS A SURPRISE

"WHY, Alice, you look lovely today. You seem a different girl. That gown is wonderful. It seems to give you a much better figure and the coloring is just right for your complexion. Wait till George sees you now."

"It is nice, isn't it? I am now making a black velvet evening gown. Wait until you see that."

"Making it! What do you mean? Surely you didn't make that gown."

"Why, yes. I designed it and I made it. Otherwise I couldn't afford to have it."

"Why! I didn't know you could design and make gowns."

"I couldn't. But fortunately I read of a wonderful school that comes right into your own home, so that during your spare moments you can learn. Girls—it's exceedingly fascinating to see the garments, made during the instruction, come into being out of practically nothing. And the joy of wearing them, knowing that you, yourself, created them! Why, girls," Alice went on, "I can now have three beautiful gowns for the money I formerly paid for one. On this one gown alone I saved several times the cost of the instruction.

"Over 21,000 women have taken this instruction. You girls ought to take it up; why don't you?"

Every girl or woman, 15 or over, should mail the coupon at once for Free Sample Lessons from this wonderful system.

Cut the Coupon and mail it before turning the page

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FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. B 673
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Send me FREE SAMPLE LESSONS from the Learn-at-Home System here checked. Tell me how to easily learn to Design and make Gowns or Hats.

☐ Gown Designing ☐ Millinery

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Address .....

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-EIGHT]

ward. His uncle—a matter of perhaps life and death! There was no mistaking the anxiety in the other's voice, or the trouble and distress in the man's face.

"Yes, I will—if it's as bad as that!" he said tersely. "I'll see you in my cabin at once. Do you know where it is?"

"Yes," Monsieur Faradeau answered. "I know where it is."

"All right!" Lane nodded—and, turning abruptly, walked quickly to the companionway and made his way below.

DONALD had barely turned on the light in his cabin and seated himself on the edge of his bunk—leaving the settee opposite for his self-invited guest—when Monsieur Faradeau, after knocking softly, entered and closed the door noiselessly behind him.

Lane motioned toward his settee. Monsieur Faradeau sat down.

"Now," said Lane laconically, "what is it?"

"Monsieur Lane," said Monsieur Faradeau in a guarded voice, "did your uncle ever say anything to you about a package that was left in trust with him—a package of very great value?"

Donald Lane's face hardened suddenly. His uncle most certainly *had* spoken to him about such a package, and, not only spoken about it, but had shown him where it was kept. John Crane was a methodical man. "In case anything happens to me," John Crane had said, "you'll know what it is, and where it is." Lane stared hard now at Monsieur Faradeau.

"From a complete stranger, that's rather a leading question, isn't it?" he inquired evenly.

Monsieur Faradeau nodded his head quickly.

"Yes," he said earnestly; "it is. I began awkwardly. See, then, *monsieur* — look here! Let me prove my good faith." He fumbled for a moment inside his shirt bosom and drew out a sealed envelope; this he tore open and extracted from within a folded slip of paper which he handed to Donald Lane.

"Good God!" exclaimed Lane sharply, as he glanced at the paper.

"You know the story?" said Monsieur Faradeau quietly.

"Yes; in a general way," Lane answered. "My uncle told me the gist of it—not with any idea of betraying a confidence, but as a safeguard and a precaution should anything happen to him, in which case this"—he tapped the slip of paper with his finger—"or, rather, what it represents, would otherwise be lost to its owners."

"I judged as much," said Monsieur Faradeau gravely. "Are you quite satisfied, then, Monsieur Lane, with my good faith, and that the paper here is in your uncle's handwriting?"

"There is no question about it, Monsieur Faradeau," Lane responded promptly.

Monsieur Faradeau passed his hand nervously across his eyes.

"My name is not Faradeau"—he smiled a little wearily—"it is the second one on the list. But Faradeau, I think, monsieur, will serve us best."

Lane glanced at the list again. The second name was Count Alexis Mirakoff; and opposite the name was entered: "The chamois bag of unset stones."

"Yes," he said; "I understand—we'll stick to 'Faradeau.' But why have you come to me? You are obviously on your way out to my uncle to redeem the package, and tomorrow night you will be at Talimi."

"I have come to you," the other said soberly, "because you are the only man, since you are Monsieur Crane's nephew, that I can trust; and I have come to you because I am afraid."

"Afraid?" Lane echoed the word tensely.

Monsieur Faradeau shook his head slowly.

"Not for myself," he said, and the weary smile crept around his lips again; "but for that paper in your hand. I am only *one* of those whose names are written there."

"You mean," said Lane quickly, "that you have reason to believe you have been followed by Soviet agents, and that you are in danger here aboard this ship?"

Monsieur Faradeau remained thoughtful for a moment before he answered.

"IT *was* the Soviet agents," he said at last; "I am not sure whether it still is or not. I knew that one of them had overtaken me in New York—there might have been more than one—but that one I recognized. He was killed—murdered. I do not know by whom. It would imply that other agencies were at work, and I believe I *am* still being followed. I am not sure, I do not know; I have doubled and redoubled on my tracks—but I am afraid. They would not openly show their hands, anyway, until they had discovered my destination, for otherwise my death or that paper would be valueless to them. Whether that is yet known to them or not, I do not know. But now, at almost the last moment—you may call it intuition if you like—I am very much afraid. I dare not take any chance that can possibly be avoided. That is why I have come to you."

"But nothing has happened so far on board here?" questioned Lane in a serious voice. "Nothing to lead you to suspect anyone in particular?"

"Nothing," Monsieur Faradeau answered, with a shrug of his shoulders and a wan smile. "But I suspect *everybody* — except one man, who, because he is virtually

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Thousands of Mothers tell me

this solves the problem of their children's mealtime drink

By Carrie Blanchard

"NO, you can't have that. Wait until you grow up."

What an unsatisfactory answer to a child's request! And yet it is the answer so often given—naturally—when the youngsters want a drink which you know they shouldn't have.

This is only one distressing phase of the children's beverage problem. There are so many, many children who don't like the taste of milk, quite honestly, and it is at least difficult, if not impossible, to get them to drink the milk they need. And you are quite right in thinking the children should have a warm drink, too.

For a long time I was just as much at loss as you may be for a drink combining *all* the ideal qualities for children. Postum was good for them, I knew, but they need milk, too; and all of the other warm drinks, it seemed, contained caffein or some other objectionable element.

And then one day a little woman who called on me told me how much her children loved Instant Postum made with hot milk instead of boiling water. We made some on the spot, I can tell you, because I was tremendously excited about it. If Instant Postum *could* be prepared this way, it, of course, was the ideal drink for children.

We heated the milk just to the boiling point, put a teaspoonful of Instant Postum in each cup, and filled the cups with the hot milk. Just a little stirring with a spoon, and the powder was completely dissolved. Then we added a little sugar.

The drink was wonderful! Smooth and rich, with the real Postum flavor—the delicious flavor of roasted whole wheat and bran! Here I had been demonstrating Postum all over the country for years, telling hundreds of thousands of people the story of its wholesomeness, without discovering this easy way of adding to its nourishing qualities—of making it a complete and perfect food for children!

From that moment I began telling mothers about it. Now I wish you could see the letters I get—scores of them every day, overflowing with gratitude, from mothers whose children are growing up sturdy and full of life, always happy to get this wonderful drink!

I want you to try this drink for your children. You can get Instant Postum at your grocer's—or accept my offer!

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

I want you to make a thirty-day test of Postum. I want to send you, free, your first week's supply and my directions for preparing it.

For Postum made with milk you will want Instant Postum, the powder form, which is made instantly in the cup. If you want Postum prepared in the usual way, with water, you can use either Instant Postum or Postum Cereal (the kind you boil). You wil. be glad to know that Postum made this way costs much less, per cup, than most other hot drinks.

Incidentally, don't you think it would be a good idea for you to try Postum, too? At any rate, for your children, let me send you the Instant Postum now!

© 1925, P. C. Co.

Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), and Post's Bran Flakes. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

FREE—MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich. LIB. 3-25

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Instant Postum . . . . . ☐ *Check which you prefer*
Postum Cereal . . . . . ☐

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

In Canada, address Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., 45 Front St., East, Toronto, Ontario

Salad dressing has no effect on the smooth hard surface of a Vollrath dish

Smooth snow White *Vollrath Ware as Easy to wash as China*

So Clean to work with
So Little work to clean

THINK of having your kitchen ware with the surfaces all smooth and white, like china. They make cooking so clean. Nothing sticks to these glass-like surfaces. You get only the pure fresh taste of the thing you cook. There is no residue of former cookings in the vessel because Vollrath Ware does not absorb.

Vollrath Ware is constantly clean and easy to keep that way. Unnecessary scouring or polishing of pots and pans is sheer drudgery. It isn't being done any more by thousands of women who have studied kitchen work.

They are using Vollrath Ware for the same reason that they have white kitchens, white table tops, enameled stoves and waxed linoleum floors.

Vollrath uses three coats of enamel to make it have that deep rich smooth white you admire. The base is steel—indestructible. The enamel is made from ingredients that come from the four corners of the earth—their own formula. It is "fired" on the steel under terrific heat. The handles are welded on by gas, a process that makes them actually a part of the vessel—not an attachment. They cannot come off.

Makes the best tasting coffee

You get *all* the taste from the aromatic oils of coffee and only one-tenth of the tannin by brewing coffee the Vollrath way. It's the French drip method. Grind the coffee to the fineness of cornmeal, *pour* on boiling water. It is ready to serve. The delicious taste is a real boon to lovers of this delicious drink.

Special dishes for your refrigerator

By using these square dishes you increase the storage space in your ice box. Food stored, cooked, served, without transferring contents. All white enamel, no grooves or crevices. Flat covers provide additional shelf room. You get six dishes on a shelf compared with two plates and a saucer.

VOLLRATH WARE

THE VOLLRATH COMPANY

Established 1874

Sheboygan, Wisconsin

THE VOLLRATH COMPANY
Sheboygan, Wis.

Please send me literature about the Vollrath Drip Coffee Pot and Refrigerator Dishes.

Mrs.....

Street.....

Town..... State.....

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-NINE]

John Crane, cannot be suspected. That is yourself, Monsieur Lane."

"Naturally!" Lane smiled. "That's logical enough. But what do you want me to do?"

"I want you to keep that paper for me," said Monsieur Faradeau earnestly. "If anything happens to me the package will still be safe, and your uncle can communicate with Monsieur Todd. If everything goes well you can return it to me at Talimi. I do not ask this for my own sake, Monsieur Lane; I ask it for the sake of others. Will you do it?"

Donald Lane took out his pocketbook, opened it, placed the slip inside, and returned the leather case to his pocket.

"Certainly, I will," he said heartily.

Monsieur Faradeau stood up and wrung Donald Lane's hand fervently.

"I have no words to thank you," he said huskily. "I shall sleep easier tonight than I have for many weeks." He motioned toward the door. "If the way is clear I will go. Will you look, monsieur? We must not take any risk of it being known we were together."

DONALD LANE opened the door and looked out. The narrow little alleyway was empty.

"It's all right," he said.

Again Monsieur Faradeau wrung Donald Lane's hand.

"I am very grateful, monsieur!" he whispered—and slipped silently out into the alleyway.

Lane lighted a cigarette and puffed at it thoughtfully for a few minutes.

"A bit of a rum go, as they say out here!" he muttered finally to himself. "Uncle's got the package, and I've got the 'open sesame' to it! Upon my soul, I hope nothing happens to that chap!"

His thoughts reverted to Anne. Captain Croon would certainly have left her by now. He switched off his light and went on deck. There was no sign of Anne. Captain Croon, he could see as he went forward, was on the bridge. It was dark, of course; she might have drawn a chair into some secluded nook. He made a circuit of the deck, and thereafter of the ship from end to end. There was still no sign of Anne. She must be in her cabin. He went down below again, and called one of the native stewards.

"Go to Miss Walton's cabin," he instructed, "and say that Mr. Lane would very much like to see her for a few minutes."

The boy returned with the information that there had been no response from the cabin.

Donald Lane went up on deck again, and this time entered the smoking room. Mr. Walton was playing bridge with three of his

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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It seldom fails to remove the torment and disfigurement, and you do not have to wait for relief from embarrassment. Improvement quickly shows. Sufferers from skin trouble should obtain a small jar of Rowles Mentho-Sulphur from any good druggist and use it like cold cream.

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Send me free sample of Rowles Mentho-Sulphur

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Sage Tea beautifies and darkens hair

When you darken your hair with Sage Tea and Sulphur, no one can tell, because it's done so naturally, so evenly. Preparing this mixture, though, at home is mussy and troublesome. At little cost you can buy Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound at any drug store. This is the ready to use preparation, improved by the addition of other ingredients. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two its natural color is restored and it becomes thick, glossy, and lustrous, and you appear years younger.

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New York

MATRIMONIAL PITFALLS

JUDGE Wm. N. Gemmill, dean of Chicago jurists, has, during his eighteen years on the bench, heard more than ten thousand cases arising from domestic discord.

Here's one of his "Gemmill-grams"—

"Giving advice to those who intend to marry is the world's greatest example of waste of time, breath and energy."

"The trouble is," says the judge, "that the people intending to get married don't want advice — they want to get married."

CASPAR NATHAN has written for Liberty a splendid article called "Matrimonial Pitfalls" as outlined by Judge Gemmill. Be sure to read it in next week's

5¢ Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

At all newsstands

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY]

fellow passengers. At the moment he was dummy.

"Do you know where Miss Walton is, sir?" Lane asked.

Mr. Walton looked up with a cordial smile.

"I'm sure I don't," he said. "She was out on deck a little while ago. She must be somewhere about."

Lane left the smoking room and, crossing to the ship's rail, stood staring out at a sea that, quiet save for its smooth-rolling swells, had the sheen of satin in it under the moonlight. Anne wasn't on deck. She wasn't "somewhere about."

"Damn!" said Donald Lane—and he said it from his soul.

CHAPTER X.

FOUR bells—two o'clock in the morning.

Anne cautiously opened the door of her cabin and looked out into the alleyway. She was still fully dressed. She had not been in bed, save in the sense that, face down on her bunk, she had wrestled in the darkness with her problem from the moment almost that she had, finally and in desperation, made an excuse to get away from Captain Croon.

She had heard the steward knock upon her door hours before; she had heard once or twice a footstep in the alleyway that she had recognized as Donald Lane's, and, after midnight, had heard his door, which she knew to be the second one beyond her father's, open and close.

After that, for an hour, there had been other footsteps now and then, the opening and closing of other doors; but now it was still and quiet — only the groan and creak and wheeze of the ship itself, complaining bitterly in every one of its aged joints as it rolled and pitched in an almost calm sea.

She caught her breath a little as she stepped out now into the alleyway. The hours had brought her a solution, though the consequences to herself were——

Her lips tightened; her hand that, hidden in the folds of a scarf, gripped her revolver, clutched the weapon a little more tenaciously. She had started out with the premise that the consequences to herself were to be ignored, but the consequences loomed very large now that she was about to put her plan into execution. Suppose—suppose that—— *No!* She would not suppose at all! She would not at the last moment let herself be frightened into retreat. There was only one way, or, at least, she had been able to devise only one way—and that was to persuade Monsieur Faradeau to get rid of the paper he carried before Matalofa was reached, which would be in a few hours now. She could not explain to Monsieur Faradeau—her pledge forbade that; but from the very nature of that paper the man must be conscious he was never free from danger, and she counted upon that fact and upon what would be obvious even to him—her sincerity—to accomplish her purpose.

It was a very simple suggestion that she proposed to make—one that could in no possible way arouse suspicion of double-dealing in his mind. It was merely that he should go now, at once, to Captain Croon's cabin, wake the captain, and have the paper locked in the ship's safe until they got to Talimi. Without that paper Monsieur Faradeau became of no more interest to her father; without that paper her father could do nothing.

But to accomplish her whole purpose, to make her plan effective in saving Monsieur Faradeau himself from attack, her father must know what she had done—and therein lay the consequences to herself—and she must *invite* them. Once the paper was safe, she had no choice but to go at once to her father's room and defy him openly.

It seemed as though she could hear the beating of her heart as she went swiftly forward along the alleyway. She *was* a little afraid, but she would go on, she must go on. Her revolver—the weapon hidden in her scarf? She was going to do a very daring thing for a woman—this visit to Monsieur Faradeau's room — at this hour. She did not know what kind of a man in *character* Monsieur Faradeau might prove to be. But it was not for that reason alone she carried the weapon; it was for the afterward where no uncertainty existed as to whether she would require protection or not—when she went to her father.

Monsieur Faradeau's cabin was on the other side of the ship, and near the cross alleyway in front of the saloon—she had seen the man go into his room when she had come down the companionway after leaving Captain Croon.

ANNE reached the cross alleyway, where a light was burning—and halted abruptly, a little startled. And then she laughed to herself nervously. It was only the movement of the ship and the reflection from the polished surface of the huge metal gong that stood on a sort of built-in buffet that faced the entrance to the saloon: it had seemed as though someone had suddenly flung a ray of light full upon her.

Anne listened now as she looked about her. At both ends of the cross alleyway a door opened on the narrow lower deck, which in turn gave on the after part of the ship where access coud again be had to the cabins.

She smiled a little wanly to herself. There was no reason why she should notice these doors, was there?—as though she were a thief

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Magic Gloves Whiten Hands

Gloves of amazing powers! Worn at night, while you sleep, they work a miraculous transformation. They turn the hands white—as white as a lily, and as soft and smooth. Your hands may be red or an "old-age" yellow, or freckled; they may be deeply lined, rough and coarse—yet they become white and soft under the magic of these gloves.

Amazing Results in One Night!

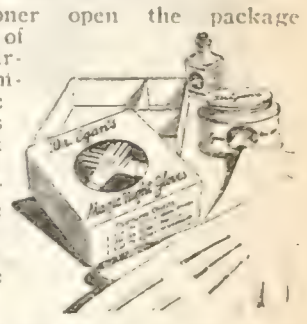
These gloves are medicated with a wonderful solution perfected by the famous Dr. Egan. The medicated fabric (not rubber) when activated by the warmth of the hands has a peculiar potent whitening and softening effect upon the hands. The hands actually turn white—a charming natural white. They become soft and smooth, exquisitely so. Even hands that have had no care for years, hands that look hopelessly old and worn take on a youthful freshness under the action of these gloves. Just one night's wear will prove a revelation.

Send today for a pair of Dr. Egan's Magic Gloves for free trial. Note that they are especially woven to fit comfortably — no binding. Note, too, that a jar of Dr. Egan's Pore-Lax accompanies the gloves, all in a neat, attractive container. The Pore-Lax is a special cream to apply before donning the gloves to open the pores for the purpose of quickening the action of the impregnated gloves. Use gloves with or without Pore-Lax Cream, but preferably with it.

TRIAL OFFER—*Send No Money*

Just your name, address, and glove size brings complete outfit, gloves and all, including generous supply of Pore-Lax and Medicator with which you can restore the gloves' peculiar powers indefinitely. Deposit for them on delivery; every penny refunded unless a week's trial delights you.

But you no sooner open the package than the potency of these gloves is apparent; the peculiar impregnated fabric and mysterious medication tell you these are no ordinary gloves! Your druggist has these gloves — or can quickly get them for you—if not, use this coupon now:



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Please send (plainly wrapped) Magic Gloves and outfit complete for free trial. I will hand postman $1.95 and postage on delivery, to be returned in full if a week's trial doesn't delight me with results.

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You Cannot Afford to be Gray

PRESENT day hair dressing makes no allowance for Gray Hair. The shingle, the boyish bob, the masculine pompadour, the chic coiffure of closely bound hair, accents gray, faded, streaked or unevenly colored hair. You cannot afford gray hair no matter how you dress your hair because this is the Day of Youth.

It's so easy to keep your hair youthful. Just a little Brownatone combed or brushed through and you have natural looking locks. You can tint gray, faded or bleached hair any color from lightest blonde to the varying shades of brown or black.

Shampoo or bath do not affect the permanency of color. No rubbing off or washing out. Easy to apply, acts quickly, no muss, fuss, or day after day procedure. Apply Brownatone once and thereafter only as new hair grows in.

Brownatone is safe. It is guaranteed to be harmless to hair, scalp or skin. Millions of bottles used with uniformly gratifying results. Sold by over 50,000 drug and department stores, or direct if preferred. Two colors: golden to medium brown and dark brown to black. Two sizes, 50c and $1.50.

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We recommend NaTone Lemonated Shampoo for washing the hair. At dealers or direct, 50c

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Safe — Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.
Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
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Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

taking note of possible avenues of escape! Why not the companionways then, also on either hand, that led to the boat deck above?

How the ship creaked and made eerie noises! The engines thumped, thumped, thumped, like dull blows being struck somewhere; and voices, the voices of ancient bulkheads and stanchions answered, moaning as though in pain. Her heart began to thump in tempo with the engines. The color had ebbed slightly from her face.

"You are a little coward!" Anne whispered to herself—and crossed to the other alleyway where she halted before a door.

Anne's good intentions to frustrate the plot take a decidedly unexpected turn and drastic measures are resorted to in the fifth installment, in next week's issue.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

This Weekly will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright sayings of a child. Address the "Bright Sayings Editor," Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago.

He Knew the Reason

A teacher of the first grade in a school asked her pupils why it was that their mother was a Mrs. and herself a Miss. Robert raised his hand and said:

"I know, Miss C———; you're a lady and my mother isn't," which brought a broad smile upon the face of the teacher.—Mrs. D. W., Elwood, Ill.

* * *

Just How Bad Is "Comfortable"?

When Tommy's father came home at the end of the week, he said, "I hope you've been a good boy."

But Tommy, being truthful, replied, "Well, no—I haven't."

"Dear, dear! I hope you haven't been very bad."

"Well, not very bad, sir, just comfortable!"—Mrs. M. B., Pelican Lake, Wis.

* * *

Too Much for a Penny

While waiting for the train Brown put his four-year-old daughter on the scales.

"Only forty pounds," he said. "You ought to weigh more than that."

"Well, goodness, daddy, what do you want for a penny?" asked the little girl.—E. W., Segreganset, Mass.

* * *

The Bird Was Trying

One afternoon little Jules and his mother were walking through the park when suddenly Jules called:

"Oh, look, mother, that bird is trying to fly like an airplane."—A. G., Portland, Ore.

$500 This Week for Last Lines to Limericks—See Page 42

One Secret *of* Beauty Is Foot Comfort

Frequently you hear people say, "My feet perspire winter and summer when I put on rubbers or heavier footwear—then, when I remove my shoes my hose seem wet through." In every community thousands now use **Allen's Foot-Ease** in the foot-bath daily, and then dust the feet and shake into the shoes this antiseptic, healing powder. *Always use Allen's Foot-Ease to break in new shoes.* Over 1,500,000 pounds of powder for the feet were used by our Army and Navy during the war.

Full Directions on box.

Trial package and a Foot-Ease Walking Doll Sent **Free.** Address,

Allen's Foot-Ease, LeRoy, N. Y.

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This boy is making his own spending money every week, selling Liberty Magazine — you can do the same.

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Send Coupon for Details

Thousands of boys are earning their own money selling Liberty Magazine—and getting wonderful Free Prizes besides: bicycles, radios, baseball outfits, musical instruments, etc. It's easy. Merely sell or deliver Liberty Magazine to customers right in your own neighborhood, in spare time—after school, or on Saturday. No money, no experience needed. We supply everything. You start to make money the first day. Don't wait. Send coupon—be one of the independent Liberty Boy Salesmen in your town.

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DOMINANCE *of* PRINTED MATERIAL MARKS SPRING STYLES

by Corinne Lowe

DOMINANCE of the printed material is one of the marked features of the early displays of spring modes. Many of the fabrics prepared for summer are scattered with roses so large that the woman assuming them looks somewhat like an animated trellis or pergola. Great big dashing blooms of perhaps yellow and red on a black background, it takes someone with a lion heart and a slim figure to dare them.

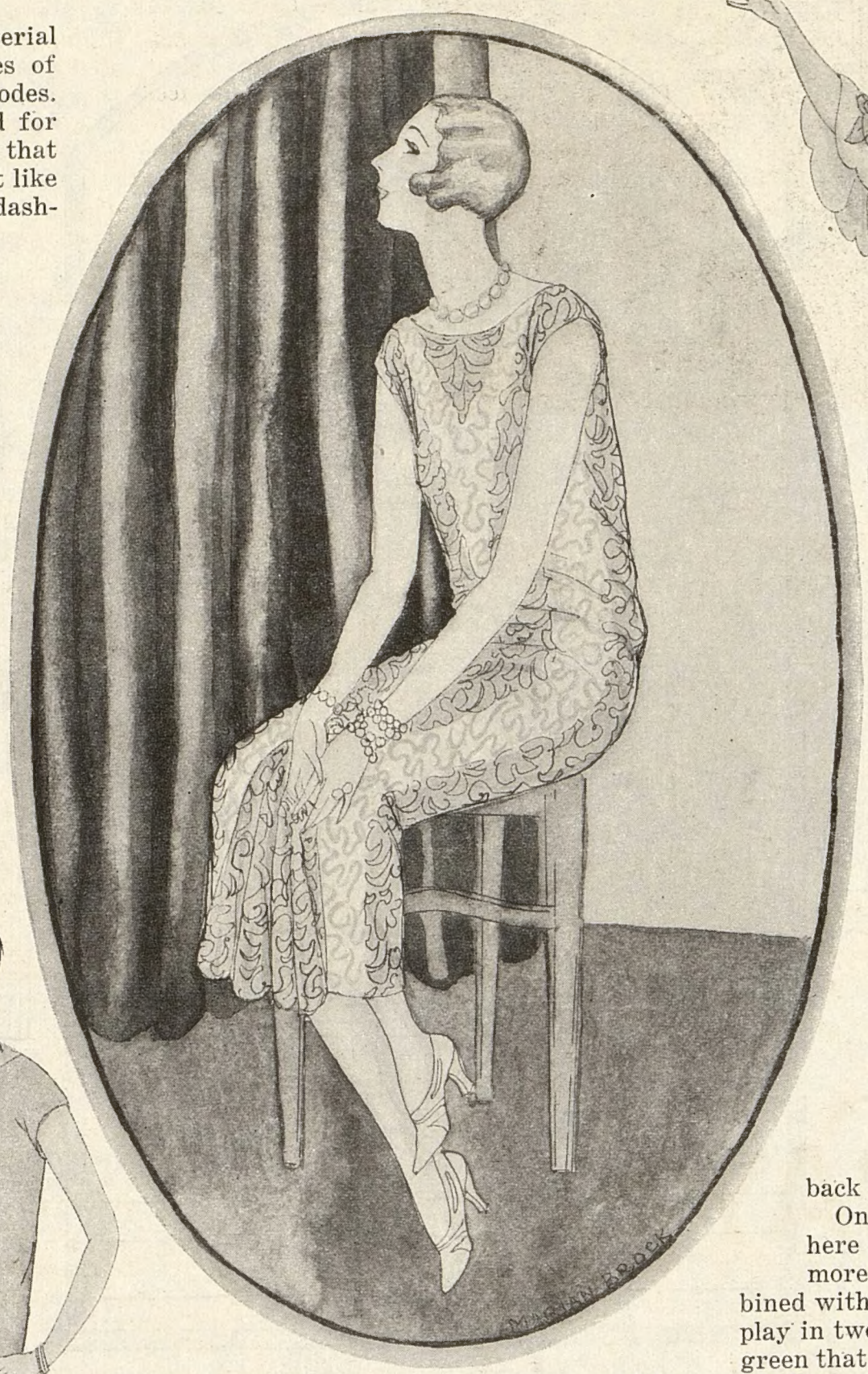
There are other things that impress us with almost equal force. One of these is that there is so very little change from the silhouette of the winter. Another is the brilliant color range which is offered. Red takes a very active part in the new color gamut, but it is red of a sophisticated kind. For instance, there is the lovely new tint of pomegranate, a kind of drawing-room edition of tomato. There is also *bois de rose,* a variant of ashes of roses. There are also salmons and flame tints; and mauve is frequently tinged with red.

Greens, and especially the soft almond tones, are retained, but dispute their prestige with a great deal of blue. The Madonna and hydrangea variations of this latter color have mounted into special prominence and are found in both formal and sports attire. As to the neutral shades, beige has emerged from its long winter campaign without showing a trace of fatigue. The fact is that beige seems refreshed by the continuous strain. A flush has mounted to its sallow cheek. In other words, some of the most fashionable of beiges today show a decided pinkish cast. So, it may be added, do many of the grays. Let us mention incidentally that the latter tone has come back very strongly this spring.

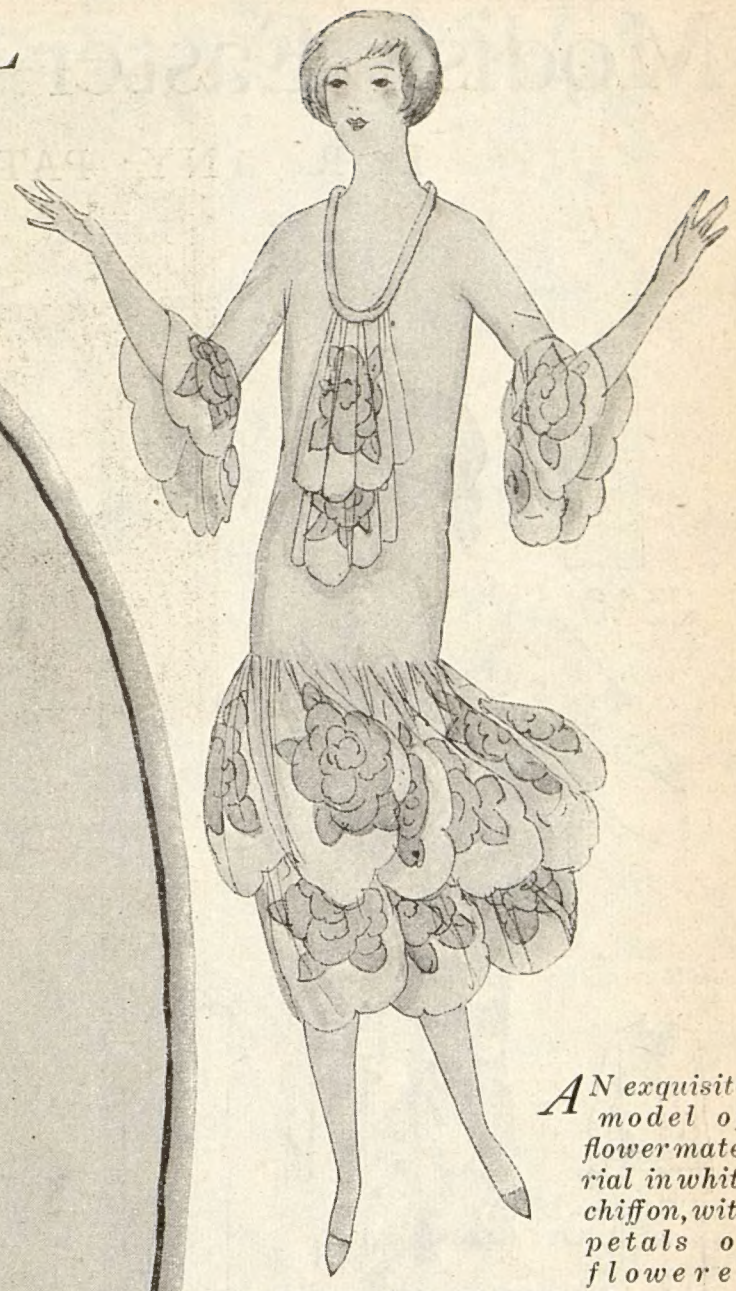
We are showing today four spring models which illustrate some of the points just mentioned. For example, the flowered material, the raised waistline and reddish lavender are compounded in the frock at the lower left. Made of chiffon, that most popular of fabrics for the afternoon gown and dancing frock of resort days, it carries out in background and design the various fuchsia tints. Its detail, while simple, is unusual and shows again how much may be accomplished by the little touches. An apron gives the front fullness and a sash tied at the side is edged with the same lace which shows to a depth of four inches under the back of the skirt.

One of the most exquisite models seen here is that at the upper right. Again more figured material—this time combined with white chiffon! The design is given play in two tiers of chiffon printed in rose and green that move at the skirt hem with each step of the wearer and also in a two-tiered jabot and in the petals edging the sleeves. The last tactful thought consists of a band of silver-cloth outlining the decolletage.

That gold lace, the narrow contour and a fullness concentrated in the direct front are destined to sway our future as tyranically as they have our past is evinced by the model in the center oval. In this evening gown a heavy gold lace forms an effective design on a lighter mesh of the same gold. The last model, one of almond green crepe, reasserts in its embroidered bands the exceeding popularity of band trimming.



IN this evening gown heavy gold lace forms a design on a mesh, also gold, of lighter texture. A fold of the heavy lace in the direct front constitutes the sole revolt from the slim silhouette.



AN exquisite model of flower material in white chiffon, with petals of flowered chiffon, which is given play in two tiers that move at the skirt hem with each step of the wearer.

THAT most spring fashions are in print is the message of a chiffon frock flowered in various tints of fuchsia. Apron front, exploited lace petticoat and lace-trimmed sash are the afterthoughts. At the right, a heavy almond green crepe with tiered skirt is trimmed and girdled in embroidered bands.

Modish Easter Clothes Easy *to* Make *at* Home

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By PATRICIA

THEY'RE wearing kasha for daytime, printed silks for afternoon, and chiffon for evening. Kasha in its natural beige tone and those that are plaited and striped are popular. Street frocks follow straight lines and are shorter than ever, while dresses of afternoon and evening type subtly introduce fullness.

A smart version of the youthful button-down-the-front dress is shown in pattern No. 2349. Two necklines are provided in this pattern, which comes in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. The new square neckline emphasizes the trim severity of the lines, while the high neck with Peter Pan collar is youthful and becoming for the very young girl or woman with a youthful face. Plaid kasha was employed, but it is also suitable for fine twill or ribbed silk. For the 36 inch size 3⅛ yards of 36-inch material with ⅜ yard 36-inch contrasting are required.

The wrappy effect and the shawl collar of design No. 2301 will appeal to the woman of good taste. The original of this dress was made in dark blue rep, with the collar and cuffs of striped silk and a vest of white faille silk.

Dress pattern No. 2301 is cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. For the 36-inch size 3 yards of 42-inch material with ⅞ yard of 20-inch striped material and ½ yard of 18-inch white material are required.

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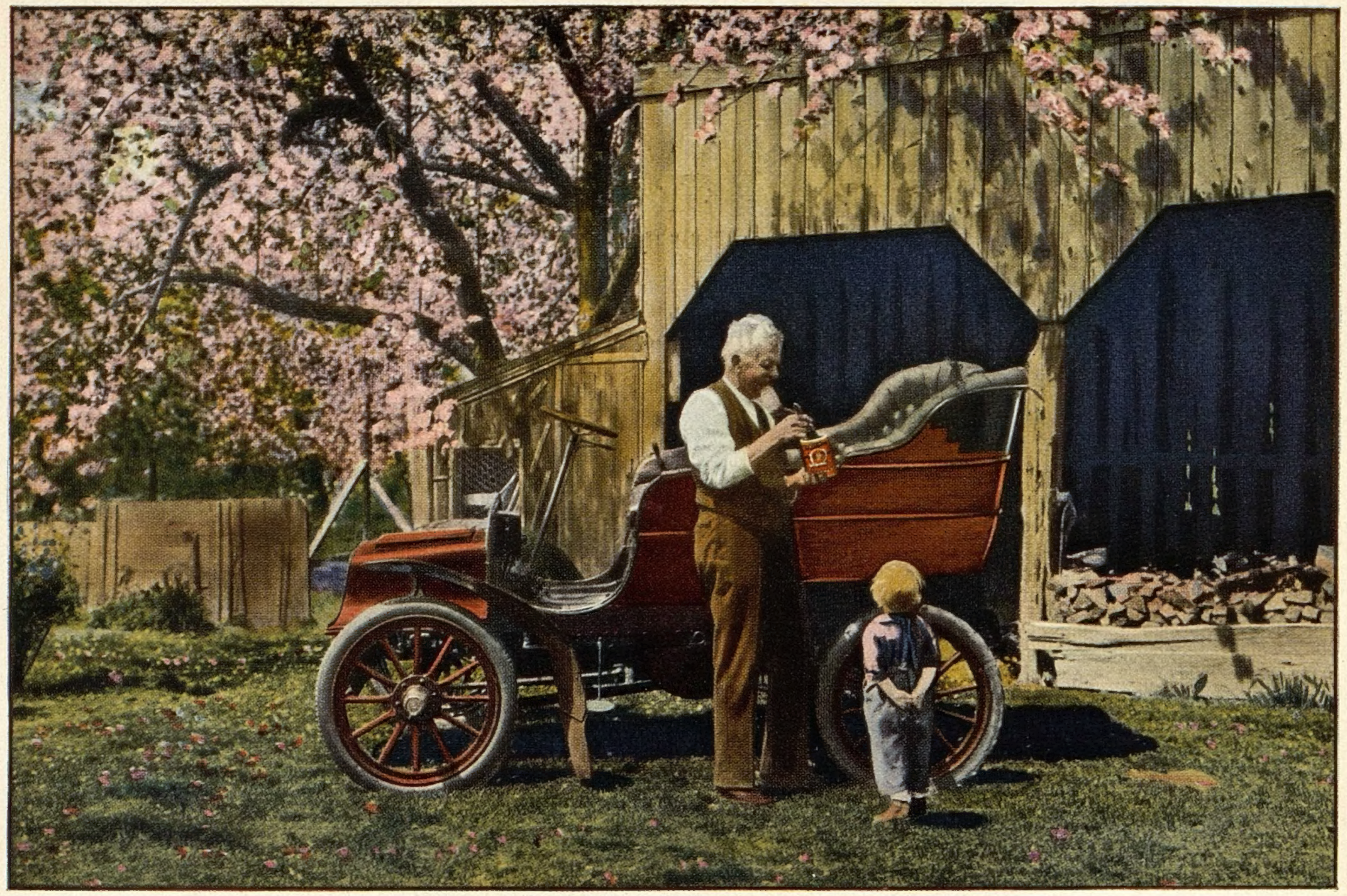
Of wool jersey, kasha, or flannel you will obtain a great deal of wear from this smart sports dress shown in pattern No. 2339. It is made with the popular bosom front and goes unbelted, although a belt might be worn.

Dress pattern No. 2339 is cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. For the 36-inch size 2⅛ yards of 54-inch material with ¼ yard of 24-inch contrasting and 5¼ yards of braid are required.

The smart tunic dress (pattern No. 2345) is made of striped material and worn over a slim-line slip of plain silk. The pattern is cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards of 32-inch material with ½ yard of 27-inch contrasting and 2¼ yards of plaiting for the blouse and 2½ yards of 27-inch material for the slip.

Made with a slightly circular skirt is the charming style shown in pattern No. 2346. Printed silk crepe with plaited georgette or crepe trimmings is suggested for a very lovely afternoon dress.

Dress pattern No. 2346 is cut in sizes 14, 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 32 or 36 inch material with 1¾ yards of plaiting and 1½ yards of 3-inch ribbon.



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